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With kind regards.

Yours truly

Henry W. Howard

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

TOWN OF ORFORD, N. H.,

CONTAINING THE

ORATION, POEMS AND SPEECHES,

DELIVERED ON

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1865,

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL MATTERS RELATING TO THE HISTORY OF THE PLACE.

HENRY A. GAGE, PRINTER.
Manchester, N. H.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

1159753

At the annual meeting of the legal voters of Orford, holden at the Town House, on Tuesday, the 8th day of March, 1864, the subject of celebrating the One Hundreth Anniversary of the settlement of the town was considered at length, and it was

Voted, That a committee of three be chosen, with full authority to make such arrangements, and adopt such measures in behalf of the citizens of the town, as in their opinion would be most appropriate to the occasion.

Henry H. Howard, Henry S. Perrin, and Arthur Marston, were appointed that committee.

At a subsequent, adjourned meeting, March 14, 1865, it was

Voted, That a sum of money, not exceeding five hundred dollars, be placed at the disposal of the committee to be expended in defraying the expenses of the proposed celebration.

At subsequent meetings of the Committee of Arrangements, the following appointments were made :

President of the day—Gen. Gilman Marston, of Exeter, N. H.

Chief Marshal—Maj. Frederic M. Edgell, of Orford, who selected for his assistants, the following gentlemen, viz : Col. John Haselton, Capt. Henry Dayton, Capt. Asel B. Griggs, Ira M. Clark, Esq., and Messrs. D. E Willard and William Caverly.

Rev. Joel Mann, of New Haven, Conn., was invited to deliver the oration, and accepted the invitation.

Rev. William S. Palmer, of Wells River, Vt., was appointed chaplain.

E. B. Hale, Esq., was appointed to read the charter of the town.

William Howard, Esq., was appointed Toast Master.

The following Committees were appointed:

COMMITTEE FOR ARRANGING TABLES, &c.

D. P. Wheeler and Lady,
Wm. Howard "
Ira M. Clark "
D. T. Hale "
Henry A. Dame "
Albert Newcomb "
Arthur Marston "
Miss Martha J. Perrin,
Miss Clara Haselton,
Albert Page and Lady,
Parker Wright "
D. E. Willard "
A. B. Palmer "
Miss Susan E Wheeler,
Mrs. S. A. Bugbee,
John Richardson and Lady,
D. G. Marston "
A. Soule "
Mrs. Mary Wilcox,
Edward Ford and Lady,
Miss Annette Edgell,
Miss Cornelia Demick,
F. L. Demick and Lady,
John Rogers "
Chas. H. Riley and Sister,
Miss Martha A. Howard,
Miss Amelia Chandler,
Miss Francena Mann,
Miss Sarah A. Richardson,
Nathaniel Russell and Lady,
Misses Dame,
Royal Beal and Lady,
Miss Maria Davis,
Miss Elvira Williams,
Samuel Stone and Lady,
Frank Niles "
Eben Woodbury "
P. C. Kenyon "
Nath'l Sargent "
Stevens Chandler "
Miss Emma Mann,
Miss Julia Mann,
Miss Celista Page,
Miss Julia Lock,
Miss Maria Lock,
A. B. Ball and Lady,
Hezekiah Fuller and Lady,
Miss Edna Fuller,
Gilbert Jeffers and Lady,
Henry Loomis "
Willis Bugbee "
H. M. Smith "
Alexander Pierce "

COMMITTEE FOR PROCURING LUMBER AND BUILDING SEATS, TABLES, &c.

John Haselton,
Levi D. Corliss,
Parker Wright,
Carlos Mann,
Charles Riley,
John Rogers,
Frank Trussell,
J. K. Avery,
A. Brock,
John H. Phelps,
George Lamprey,
Daniel T. Hale,
Thomas K. Hale,
Ira Gordon.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS.

Leonard Wilcox,
Henry I. Cushman,
Peleg Cushman,
Augustus Conant,
Atherton Wales,
Thomas J. Fifield,
A. B. Palmer,
Albert Demick,
Scheller Hosford,
John Howard,
John Haselton, Jr.,
Edward Dayton,
S. W. Hale,

COMMITTEE FOR FURNISHING WATER, ICE, &c.

Levi D. Corliss, Willis Bugbee,

COMMITTEE FOR DISTRIBUTING TICKETS.

Charles W. Pierce, Nathaniel R. Sargent.

COMMITTEE FOR TAKING TICKETS AT ENTRANCE OF PAVILLION.

Isaac Willard, Edward Whitford.

COMMITTEE FOR ARRANGING SINGING.

Charles W. Pierce, B. F. Trussell, Nathaniel R. Sargent.

COMMITTEE FOR PROCURING POWDER AND MANAGING GUN.

George W. Fifield.

The following gentlemen were appointed Vice Presidents of the day:

Hon. D. E. Wheeler, New York.
A. S. Wheeler, Esq., Boston.
A. A. Dame, Esq., "
Hon. Chas. B. Hall, "
James Learned, Esq., Orford.
Mr. Asa B. Palmer, "
" John J. Cushman, "
Henry A. Dame, Esq., "
Mr. Elliott Johnson, "

S. Marston, Esq., Hartford, Ct.
Dr. D. Dayton, South Bend, Ind
Rev. B. M. Tillotson, Manch'r.
S. M. Wilcox, Washington.
Mr. A. Hale, Jr., Cambridgeport, Mass.
T. M. Dewey, Esq., Westfield, Mass.
Theo. S. Dame, Esq., Boston.
J. T. Dame, Esq., Clinton, Ms.
Capt. Jerem'h Marston, Orford.
Dea. Stephen Cushman, "
Capt. E. N. Strong, "
Maj. D. P. Wheeler, "
Stedman Willard, Esq., "
Dr. Willard Hosford, "
Capt. James Dayton, "
Col. Philip Turner, "
John Rogers, Esq., "
Mr. Carlos Mann, "

A. S. Riley, Esq., Orford.
Mr. John Richardson, "
" William Tallman, "
Dr. D. G. Marston, "
Ira M. Clark, Esq., "
Mr. J. N. Sawyer, "
" Abijah Stone, "
" Aaron Hale, "
" John Bickford, "
" Alden Ford, "
" Daniel T. Hale, "
" Hazen Carr, "
" Jesse Carr, "
" Stevens Chandler, "
" Parker Wright, "
" Eben Gage, "
" Clark Lovejoy, "
" Nathan Grimes, "
" Benjamin Trussell, "
" Benjamin H. Niles, ,,

The preparations were completed, and all things were ready on the morning of the 7th of September.

The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and discharge of artillery, and was all that could be desired. The sky was unclouded, the atmosphere bland and invigorating, a gentle shower the day before laid the dust which for weeks had been intolerable, giving a brighter hue of green to the grand old Elms and Maples which adorn the Streets, and all nature seemed attired as if for a gala day.

From an early hour in the morning crowds came pouring in from every direction, and by the time the procession was ready to move, the streets were thronged with joyous and smiling countenances.

The route of the procession was ornamented by Flags and Streamers. The great National Flag spanned the street, bearing for a motto the words dear to every returning son and daughter, "*Welcome Home.*"

The procession was formed at nine o'clock in the following order: Chief Marshal, Bradford Brass Band, President of the Day and Orator, Chaplain, Reader of the Charter and Toast Master, Vice Presidents, Rev. Clergy, Specially Invited Guests, Committee of Arrangements, Selectmen of Orford, Singers, Citizens of Orford, Children, Citizens of Other Towns.

The children, numbering some four hundred, each bearing a miniature National Flag, under the particular direction of Mr. D. E. Willard, was a very pleasant feature of the procession. Next came a division under the especial direction of Col. John Haselton, preceeded by a company admirably disguised as Indians, followed by a Pioneer in the costume of olden times, with knapsack, gun and axe. Next came a neat log cabin, its busy inmates engaged in the various household duties in vogue a century ago. Next came a vehicle with farming and various other implements of ancient date, with those of the present most approved patterns; then a fine representation of the various trades and professions, followed by horseback riders, male and female, contrasting the old with the new. This part of the procession was both very attractive and suggestive, and added much to the interest of the occasion.

The procession moved though the principal street to the Academy grounds, where a spacious stand for the officers, speakers, &c., with seats for the accommodation of about two thousand persons, had been erected.

The assembly being called to order by the Marshal, he introduced Gen. Gilman Marston, President of the Day, whc made a brief and eloquent address. The Order of Exercises was as follows:

Music by the Band.

Invocation and Reading of Scriptures by Rev. William S. Palmer.

Prayer by Rev. William S. Palmer.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY HENRY J. CUSHMAN.

God of our Fathers! at Thy throne
We humbly bow: and earnest pray
That Thou, Almighty One, alone
May'st guide us through this festal day.

O Thou, who did'st our Fathers lead
'Mid storms and tempests without fear,
Through forest shade and lonely mead,
To this loved spot, to us so dear.

Make us to feel thy goodness, Lord!
Help us to consecrate this place
Anew to Thee, with one accord,
As worthy sons of noble race.

A century has passed away,
Since here first rose the prayer on high—
"Give us our daily bread this day"—
From truthful hearts, not wont to sigh.

Their prayers and labors Thou didst crown
With bounteous blessings. Oh! how rare—
A quiet *home*—a pleasant town,
With site so grand, and sky so fair.

We bless Thee for thy mercies past
To those who here have chanced to dwell,
Through all these years, which fly so fast,
Crowned with *such* goodness—who can tell?

Continue, Lord, to bless this place;
Bless us, who here have known thy love;
And take us when we've run our race,
To our *eternal home* above.

ADDRESS.

Our country, more dear to us now than ever, since it has come out triumphantly from the bloody ordeal of civil war, is distinguished from all others by the rapid increase of its population, the resources of prosperity, and the untiring energy of its inhabitants. The oblivious past has often been reviewed to show how wonderously changes and improvements have succeeded each other. These improvements are seen in husbandry, in mechanical operations, in education, in science, in locomotion, in everything that relates to the elevation and happiness of the nation.

We have come together to-day to contemplate this surprising progress in a single locality,—to look over the large space that intervenes between the present and the time when the towering forest, the growth of ages, began to yield to the power of the human arm; and the home of the roaming red man became the home of the cultivator of the soil and the reverent worshiper of God. Divine wisdom, beneficence, and providential care shine out from the scenes of the past; and this centennial survey of them can hardly fail to impress us with His paternal kindness towards those, whose privations and labors have prepared for us so many privileges and enjoyments. It is fit that we should "remember the days of old," and the things "our fathers have told us, what works God did in their days;" that we may tell it to the generation following, that they may set their hope in him; praise him for his

mighty works; and trust him for all that is embosomed in the future.

With filial reverence and love, I must needs begin with John Mann, Esq., my much respected father, and with his ever faithful and exemplary companion, whose maiden name was Lydia Porter, who were the first permanent settlers here. And if I show some pride of parentage, and something of egotism also, I hope that in the largeness of your candor and kindness you will pardon me; considering, too, how you have provoked me to it.

In the history of Hanover, Plymouth County, Mass., there is an extended genealogy of the Mann family, that being among the first settlers of the town. It states that Richard Mann, a planter, came in the May Flower with the Pilgrims, a young man in the family of Elder Brewster. The posterity of Richard spread in Plymouth and Norfolk counties, and many of their descendents are now resident there. One of Richard's descendents was the Rev. Samuel Mann, the first minister of Wrentham, Mass., and my revered father was his great grandson. Nathaniel, a son of Rev. Samuel Mann, came to what is now Mansfield, Conn., when it was a wilderness, being the first settler there in about 1720, and the town was called after his name. Having in after time purchased a farm in Hebron, Conn., he removed there for life, and there my parents were brought up.

Of there early life I need not speak; but with their married life the history of this town is intimately and inseperably connected. Here they commenced a course of heroic unfaltering labors to which the social and religious condition of this town is far more indebted than its present inhabitants are aware of. They were married in Hebron, in the Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Samuel Peters, D. D., its first rector, and uncle by marriage of my father, on the Sabbath day, Feb. 17, 1765.

Nuptial scenes and honeymoons have greatly changed their fashions since those days. Splendid wedding gifts of much intrinsic value, enamelled cards in embossed envelopes, tied with an emblamatic silken knot, and wedding tours to cities and fashionable watering places, were things not known or dreamed of as the beginning of matrimonial felicity. The wedding tour of our youthful, parental adventurers was performed hither, through deep dark forests, across unbridged streams, where civilization had not frightened the wild beasts from their lair with its felling blows.

The elder John Mann, my grandfather, of Hebron, Ct., finding that the original proprietors of this town were offering these distant, uninhabited lands for sale, selected and purchased one lot of fifty acres, at the lower end of this village, for which he paid one dollar an acre; and this he gave to my father as his patrimony. For this Eldorado he started on the 16th of October, 1765, my mother on horseback where the road was such that it was practicable to ride, with a wardrobe by no means ample for a bride. My father rode with her a part of the way, carrying a knapsack, and some tools for coopering, and an axe, which in such hands wrought wonderous changes.

On the day of their departure from Hebron for the wilds of Coos, the people of the village assembled to take an affectionate leave of these pioneer emigrants. With many tears and prayers they bade them farewell, scarcely expecting ever to see them again. Indeed, it was a greater, a far more hazardous undertaking than now to go to California or Oregon.

The Rev. Grant Powers, my classmate in college, in his "Historical Sketches" of the Coos country, says that "at Charlestown, N. H., Mr. Mann purchased a bushel of oats for his horse, and some bread and cheese for himself and wife, and set forward—Mann on foot; wife, oats, bread and cheese, and some clothing, on horseback."

From Charlestown to Orford, a distance of 60 miles, there was no road, only a foot path with marked trees instead of guide boards. The path was frequently hedged across with fallen trees; and when they came to such an obstruction which could not be passed around, the young bride was dismounted, the articles of lading taken off, and the horse made to leap the windfall. This was many times repeated. In one instance the impatient animal did not wait to be unladen, and leaped the trunk of a large tree, throwing the fair rider and all the luggage in a promiscuous heap upon the ground. Through a kind Providence no limbs were broken and no joints dislocated. All things being readjusted the journey was soon resumed.

In Claremont two young men had made some clearing. In Cornish there was but one family, that of Moses Chase. In Plainfield there was one family, Francis Smith. In Lebanon there were three families, Charles Hill, son, and son-in-law, Mr. Pinnick. In Hanover there was one family, Col. Edmund Freeman, and several young men making settlements. In Lyme there were three families, all by the name of Sloan. These afforded stopping places for rest and refreshment at night. New comers in the solitary wilderness were kindly welcomed and treated hospitably to the scanty fare.

When they came to a stream that was too deep for wading, it was necessary to go up till a place was found for safe crossing, and this with steep banks and tangled underbrush, must have been attended with much peril. The whole of this fatiguing and hazardous journey of about two hundred miles, was performed in eight days, averaging twenty-five miles in a day. They arrived here October 24, 1765. What sinkings of heart there may have been in their trials on the way, we know not; but we, who have heard from their lips the story of their adventures and perils, know that there was in them true courage and

indomitable perseverance. God made them capable of doing and bearing great things, and he sustained them through their privations and hardships. The love and hope which animated their hearts are ever strong incentives and sustainers.

We have arrived now at the point which we this day commemorate, viz: The advent of the first residents here, and the settlement of this goodly town, which a gentleman is said to have styled, "The paradise of Connecticut river." Rome, long the mistress of the world, is said to have been founded by Romulus and his twin brother Remus, suckled by a wolf; and long did it retain its wolfish character. But Orford was founded by a Mann of the Puritan stock, a man of pure and noble aims, and of greatly useful life. Then began here material improvement and christian civilization. Then nature began to yield to human power. Then was commenced the development of her great resources, and the disclosure of her latent beauties. God had placed his own granite bulwarks high and strong around as if for protection, human skill and diligence has made a rich landscape of a gloomy wilderness. The home of the savage has become the home of an intelligent, cultivated, christian people, happy in the enjoyment of social, literary and religious privileges.

Nearly forty years ago I received from my oldest brother, Major Mann, a written statement of many facts, in which he remarks, "When our parents arrived in Orford, there were Mr. Daniel Cross and wife, who had come in June preceding and some time afterward removed. They were living in a small log hut, covered with barks of trees, a floor of split logs hewed a little, near the bank of the river, having no chimney or hearth. Mr. Cross admitted the new comers into his cabin, agreeing to be equal in cutting wood and keeping a fire in the middle which would accommodate both. For a partition between them, blan-

kets were hung up, so that now they were comfortably situated. When an augur was needed to make a bedstead, it was only to step nine miles through the woods to a Mr. John Chamberlain's, in Thetford, and borrow of him, who was the only person then living in that town. When the bedsteads and two or three chair frames were put together, it was only to step through the nine mile woods to return the augur. This labor and fatigue," he says, "was considered as nothing."

As there was no land cleared, nor grain raised in the town as yet, Mr. Mann, understanding the business of coopering, worked in the evenings making pails and tubs. As soon as the river was frozen sufficiently, he piled them on a hand-sled, and drew them to Newbury, Vt., and there exchanged them for corn with the three families of Johnston, Bailey, and Hazen, who had been there three years, had cleared land and raised corn. This distance on the river was about twenty miles. The corn, with or without roasting, was pounded in large mortars, which were made of hardwood logs, excavated at one end by burning deep enough to hold from three to eight quarts. The finest part of this grain was made into cakes, the coarser part, called hominy, was boiled and eaten with milk, Mr. Cross having a cow. This was truly a patriarchal diet, and our modern Sarahs were fully competent to the preparation of it. The endless combination which the art of cookery now makes of everything eatable, together with foreign condiments, and leaves of Chinese shrubbery for decoction, had not then weakened the strength, relaxed the sinews, and made miserable dispeptics of our ancestral race. Mr. Powers says, "Mrs. Mann, after they were settled in their own tent, went to the river and brought all the water they used in a three pint basin, with the exception of washing days." What would our young lasses think of beginning house-keeping in that way?

"The more heavy articles of furniture and provisions were conveyed up the river in a small log canoe, the distance being about two hundred miles as the river ran." But how that water craft was gotten past the several falls, must have been by a sort of hydraulic strategy of which I am not informed. All such work as civil engineering was hidden in the distant future.

I have heard my father say that soon after their arrival here, on a morning after a pleasant day, they found a great depth of snow on the ground, which became two feet deep, and in a few days after, there fell as much more. They began to think that if this was to be the style of winter in their new home, they might be buried alive before the spring. Fortunately wood was close at hand and enough of it. A team to draw it was quite unnecessary. He had built a log cabin on a little rise of ground near the river; and the melting of such a mass of snow in the Spring, so swelled the river that one morning they found themselves entirely surrounded with water. He took his wife in his arms, and carried her to a place which it had not reached.

The labor of felling such a forest as nature had reared in this valley may be imagined from the fact which I have heard my father state, that the pine trees were, on an average, two hundred feet high, and of enormous size, as was plainly seen from the decaying stumps, which in my boyhood I helped to eradicate. Truly this was no delightful Arcadia, with grassy hills, and bleating flocks, and piping shepherds of which the Mantuan bard has so sweetly sung; but instead, there was the interminable forest, the prowling wolf, and the timid deer.

John Mann, Jr., was the first child born in this town of the Anglo-American stock. Our family series thus begun, continued to increase until it numbered fifteen children, myself being the thirteenth. Truly, if other mothers have

done well, my mother excelled by adding thus much to the sober, industrious, thriving population of the place. She was a woman of great energy, ever ready to do good, and extensively known as given to hospitality, so much so, that her house was sometimes spoken of as "A free tavern."

It is fitting that I should do honor to her on this occasion, and say that such mothers are worthy to be held in perpetual remembrance. They *form and give the character to society*. They build the State and furnish the polished stones which ornament and strengthen the political edifice. It is of vast importance that the beginning of things in a community be such as they should be—that the foundations be of good materials, and be firmly laid, for on this the stability and safety of the structure greatly depend. If the early settlers in a town be skeptical contemners of religion, given to intemperance and other vicious practices, succeeding generations will show the blighting, degrading effects of such a moral virus. Their unsightly buildings, their slovenly unproductive farms, their want of churches and school-houses, proclaim to passers by the quality of the people. But, if the first settlers be such as were those who pitched their tents here—who revered religion, and exemplified it in their lives; who were ready to give and labor to establish and cherish the institutions of the gospel and of education, the result for long periods are the elevation of character, good order, domestic comfort, and general prosperity. Titles of nobility do not constitute personal greatness. "True nobility is in the soul." And true greatness is there if anywhere.

Sir Fowell Buxton remarked, "The longer I live, the more certain I am, that the great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy, invincible determination*, a purpose once fixed, and then, '*Death or Victory.*' That quality will do anything

that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature *a man* without it."

It should be mentioned and recorded, that Jonathan Sawyer, Edward Sawyer and Israel Morey came to Orford soon after my parents, and were also from the same part of Connecticut. These estimable citizens helped to convert a lone wilderness into a fruitful field; and to form, by their co-operation, an enterprising and virtuous little colony. Their names occur frequently in the records, showing that they, with my father, sustained various offices in the town, and thus contributed to its good regulation and general welfare. Their descendents are now a portion of your esteemed citizens, and maintain the industrious habits and exemplary lives of their ancestors.

We come now to the chartering and organization of the town.

The Charter bears date Sept. 25, 1761, and was given by George the Third, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.; and incorporates it by the name it now bears, and endows its inhabitants with "the privileges and immunities of other towns in the Province of New Hampshire." As a royal favor, which I believe was never so highly prized as to be practically enjoyed, it was granted, that "As soon as there shall be fifty families resident and settled, they shall have the liberty of holding two Fairs annually;" also, "a market may be opened and kept one or more days in each week, as may be thought most advantageous to the inhabitants." Surely you should be thankful for this expression of royal regard for your welfare; but I believe that ever since we became, by the grace of God, an independent nation, the people here have enjoyed the privilege of selling and buying provisions when and where they pleased, and have their market circulate on wheels for their convenience

The second condition specified in the charter is this: "All white and other pine trees within the said township fit for masting our royal navy, be carefully preserved for that use, and none be cut and felled without our special license for so doing, be first had and obtained, upon the penalty of the forfeiture of the right of such grantees." It was well enough for the king to take good care of his pine trees; and it is not to be expected that kings should know everything, or that his loyal subjects should tell him everything. I presume there were pine trees enough on my father's farm to have furnished the whole navy of England, as it then was, with masts for many years. Had he, and other settlers, waited for permission from the crown to cut pine trees, they would have been in danger of starving for want of bread and potatoes. They might have found it difficult to pay the rent specified in the charter, which was "one ear of Indian corn on the 25th day of December, annually," small as was that Christmas tribute.

The Charter was signed by His Excellency Benning Wentworth, Governor of the Province, and Theodore Atkinson, Secretary, also by sixty-four Grantees.

The first meeting of the proprietors under this charter was held in Hampton, near Portsmouth, Oct. 6, 1761, "to transact the affairs of the town of Orford." At an adjourned meeting seven days after, "a committee was appointed to go up and look the township well over and bring in, at the next meeting, a particular account of the goodness of the land." That committee reported "the land very good, and a great deal of interval." The first meeting for appointing town officers was held on the 19th of March, 1762, at the house of Jonathan Leavitt, in Hampton. A committee was then appointed to lay out the township into lots.

At a legal meeting of the proprietors, Aug. 1, 1763, it was voted that "the first six settlers have fifty acres each,

twenty-five acres of that to be in the first division joining to the river, and to stand an equal chance in drawing with the other proprietors; and that the first six settlers who move their families into the town, have a privilege of a stream and build a gristmill and sawmill, provided they build said mills in one year from this date. Voted also, that the first six settlers have one hundred pounds, old tenor, each to be paid,—for the first year, fifty pounds, in two months after they are settled;—the second year, twenty-five pounds, and the third year twenty-five." This was a liberal encouragement for immigrants to plant themselves in the wilderness. Squatter sovereignty had not come into vogue; for here were no prairies which have no forests to be felled. Another judicious method of securing a population here, and of sustaining it was, "the first six women who settle there shall have one cow each." My good mother was one of those honored six.

It was also voted that "the seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth settlers shall have fifty pounds each, old tenor, in two months after they are settled." The term for them to settle was limited to eighteen months from July 25, 1763. The interval land was to be equally proportioned among the proprietors.

The river road from Lyme to Piermont was originally ten rods in width; afterwards it was reduced to six rods. In 1770, Messrs. Mann, Morey, Palmer, Loomis and Baldwin were appointed to lay out and survey the highways and roads that are necessary in the town. Their report of surveys is very particular, and closes thus: "Finding this to be nearly the centre of the town, and very commodious for to accommodate the situation of a meeting house, we thought it necessary to make it twenty rods for that purpose, and also for a town common." This is the origin of your ample public square. A few days after, it was voted to have the road through the town, four rods in width.

The first recorded act respecting public schools was passed in the year 1770, Oct. 8, when it was resolved "to hire a schoolmaster for six months." From this good beginning the education of the young has been cherished as a work of prime importance. The school-house was also used for public worship.

At a meeting of the proprietors in Hampton, Jan. 22, 1770, important action was taken in reference to the location of *Dartmouth College*, a Charter having been granted under the great seal of the Province. It was voted, "that in case the college should be located in the said township of Orford, to give and grant for the use and benefit of said college, forever, one thousand acres of land in said town; equal in quality with the lots in general; and the conveyance to be made to the Trustees and their successors." "And as the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock is appointed President of said college, and doubtless will settle himself and family in the town where the college shall be,—voted to give and grant to him, his heirs and assigns forever, one thousand acres of land in said town." And further, it was resolved in case the college should be located here, and Mr. Wheelock be settled here, "to give him the sum of one hundred pounds, lawful money," to be paid immediately on his removal to this place. A committee was appointed to carry this into execution.

To us who know the beauty of this landscape, the purity of the water, and the grandeur of the scenery; and the unsightliness and destitution of attractiveness in the immediate vicinity of the place where the college now stands, it seems very strange that the liberal offers above cited were not accepted.

The first church in this town was of the Congregational denomination, and was formed in 1770, and the Rev. Obadiah Noble was its first pastor. The proprietors offered that in case no tax was laid upon their lands, they would

pay three fourths of his salary for the first and second years, and one half for the third and fourth years.

The terms proposed by the town to him were these: "To give him, as a settlement, sixty pounds lawful money, also forty pounds as a salary for the first year, and that sum to be increased two pounds annually till it amount to sixty pounds, to be paid in wheat at four shillings, rye at three, Indian corn at two, and oats at one shilling and three pence per bushel, so long as he shall continue the pastor." Also "to provide and deliver to him twenty cords of good wood annually." At the same meeting Mr. Noble accepted this call, and was ordained and installed Nov. 5, 1771. Also a committee was raised "to agree with him relative to a plan of church discipline," meaning, as I suppose, church polity.

In April, 1773, the selectmen were empowered to purchase of Rev. Mr. Noble and Israel Morey, a suitable tract of land for a training field, a meeting house spot, and a burying ground. Your present church edifice, and the north portion of your common, and your well arranged burying place, occupy the land thus purchased.

This is an occasion intended expressly for reminiscences of things in the past; and I suppose that I have the honor of my present position, because I know personally what there was here nearly seventy years ago. I remember the old log fence, made of the primitive pines, extending on each side of the road through nearly the whole of the village, and the stumps thickly scattered along, showing the fallen grandeur of the primitive forest. I remember well the old unpainted, weather-beaten school house, which stood on the corner of the road leading eastward, opposite the present one of brick. There it was, that under the tuition of the kind hearted Miss Abigail Hale, I commenced the acquisition of what little knowledge I have, by learning that puzzle of childish brains, the A, B, C. There on Sat-

urday, at the close of the forenoon exercises, we were reverently taught the Shorter Catechism, repeating after our much loved mistress the words of its sublime doctrines, quite incomprehensible to our youthful minds. But there is great utility in sound words. That, with the faithful maternal instruction at home was the beginning of our theological education which some of us have been permitted to carry on to this day ; and yet we feel that we have very much to learn.

I remember, as though it were but last year, the meeting of the singers in that school house on the Sabbath days of summer, to practice music under the leadership of my brother John with his silvery tenor voice, who was the chorister for about thirty years. At one of those meetings they sung the touching, soul-subduing tune, called Repentance, so sweetly and solemnly, that it affected me to tears; and that melody has rung in my soul ever since. O, that I could hear it again, as I heard it then in my childhood. How different from much of the monotonous, inexpressive music now in use. I remember the erection of the other school house, dignified with the name of Academy, where our education was continued, though very imperfectly for want of system and thoroughness in the manner of instruction. There, afterwards, I was called to exercise the functions of teacher ; and, at my solicitation, a bell was procured, the first that ever sent its echoes among the sloping hills and lofty mountains with which we are environed.

I remember the erection of the first meeting house here, which has given place to its more ornate successor, and disappeared. Over the pulpit was suspended a heavy sounding board, which vibrated when the wind blew heavily ; and I used to think what would be the consequence if it should fall upon the reverend preacher's head. In that pulpit I made my first attempt at preaching the gos-

pel. I remember the first chaise that came here, owned by Capt. Storey. How we wondered when we beheld that luxurious vehicle.

In giving the history of things which transpired here many years ago, I should not be excused, perhaps, if I passed, unnoticed, the beautiful mall which is so note-worthy a feature of this village. It was commenced in my boyhood in this way. The width of the street was to the line of trees nearest the center. A row of trees was set just within the fence, for protection, by my father. This row commenced at the road leading to the east village, and extended northward as far as to his house. After some years, the trees having grown to a handsome size, the fence was moved back to its present position, thus adding about one-third to the width of the street. The land was given for public use, my father being the owner of it for half a mile. This was done without solicitation, spontaneously, merely for ornament. Capt. Samuel Morey was induced to do the same, he being the owner of the land the remainder of the distance to the public common, across which it has been since extended. I have been thus particular because it has sometimes been a question, who did the generous act? I deem it desirable, therefore, to give my testimony to what myself saw done. This is now, and has long been, the chief ornament of this village, and is a lasting memorial of the public spirit and liberality of those who made it. In that spirit it should be carefully preserved and kept in perfect order.

The following description appeared some years ago in the Evening Traveller of Boston, in a letter addressed to the editor, advising him to make an excursion to this place. "On no account fail to pass one full day in and around Orford. As it lies across the river from the railroad, and is hidden under a luxuriance of foliage, a stranger would not be attracted by it; but let him cross over

and he will begin to see the charms of what I consider the most charming country village I have ever seen. Observe that magnificent terrace, some dozen feet high—nearly a mile long—level and even as a work of art, but grand as the works of nature always are. It is one of the original banks of the river, built not so much for the use of the river, as for the site of those dozen elegant and comfortable dwellings ranged along upon it. Now look at that mall, (and if you are not too weary, measure it on foot) one mile long—level as a house floor—straight as a line, and skirted with trees on both sides, the whole distance. Is there a parallel to this in the whole country? In the next place I enjoin it upon you to awake in the morning at half past three, and hear the chorus of singing birds—and such a chorus—numberless—as from voices blest—uttering joy. It will make you forget that you ever heard a singing bird before. What wealth in nature! There are two reasons why so many feathered musicians have settled here. 1st. The great number of ornamental trees. Tasty tenements will always find tenants, and birds have taste. 2d. Public sentiment in the village sets strongly and tenderly towards birds. Should one be wantonly killed, I verily believe they would toll the village bell, and then hang the murderer in effigy.

Finally, cross over the river again to Fairlee, and make your way to the top of that majestic precipice that is lowering down upon you. It seems to be one of nature's grand battlements, with here and there bastions projecting, as if to protect the nestling village beneath. When you have satisfied your taste for the terrible, look off and relieve your eye by the *beautiful*; look down on church spires and tree tops under whose cool shades the village is reposing. See the fertile intervals stretching up and down the river for miles, the different farms and vari-colored crops, giving the appearance of a magnificent patchwork,

along which, ever and anon, the winding river shows its bosom, silvery in the sunbeams. If I mistake not the remembrance of your summer day at Orford will cling to you like the image of a beautiful friend so long as memory does its office."

RAMBLER.

I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing here a few lines of our talented poetess, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, as expressive of my own feelings.

"Sweetly wild, sweetly wild!
Were the scenes which charmed me when a child.
Rocks,—gray rocks, with their tracery dark,
Leaping rills, like the diamond spark,
Torrent voices thundering by,
When the pride of vernal floods swelled high.
Here 'twas sweet to sit till the sun laid down
At the gate of the west his golden crown.
Sweetly wild, sweetly wild!
Were the scenes which charmed me when a child."

The natural beauty and fertility of this part of the town attracted to it inhabitants of considerable wealth from other places. I may mention particularly, Capt. Joseph Pratt, Capt. Alexander Storey, Capt. George Ropes and his brother Hardy Ropes,—all from the fine old city of Salem, Mass. They purchased large farms, and helped greatly to support the religious and educational interests of the town. Their titles were acquired, not in the military service, but in maritime pursuits. They left the ploughing of the ocean for the safer though less remunerative work of ploughing the land.

Capt. Pratt commanded the privateer which captured the "Grand Turk," a large English merchant ship, the model of which I have often seen in the Museum of Salem. As the privateer was owned by Mr. Gray, of Boston, the capture of that ship contributed much to his great wealth.

Gen. Israel Morey was one of the early settlers, a placid, easy gentleman, with benignant countenance ; and when I knew him his hair was blanched to perfect whiteness. It seems almost as if I could see him on his gentle horse passing by on summer days, with a slow trot, dressed in light colored garments, much in Quaker style, with a cloak thrown over one arm, the very personification of quiet enjoyment.

What a genial man was his son, Samuel Morey, who built the house in which Dr. Hosford now lives. His philosophic mind was ever studying out some new invention for the benefit of mankind. Had he lived where there were skillful mechanics and artificers to construct readily good models of what he invented, he would have been extensively known as an ingenious, practical philosopher, and valuable contributor to the arts. His experiments in steam and the rarefaction of atmospheric air to produce motion for propelling machinery, were among the first in this country. His various methods of heating rooms with little expense of fuel were very serviceable, as many of us know by agreeable experience, when the mercury was courting the small figures. To him, as is supposed, belongs the honor of being the inventor of the steamboat, though the public has accorded that honor to Fulton; but I claim that honor for our townsman. If I am not mistaken, Fulton obtained his first ideas of such a vessel from Morey, and secured a patent just as Morey had secured or was preparing to secure one for himself. Certain it is, that the first boat moved by steam was a little thing constructed by him, and its trial trip was on this river, opposite this village. The trial was made on a Sabbath, when the people were at meeting, to avoid notice ; when he with a brother of mine, passed up in it near to where the bridge now is ; for it was important to ascertain whether it would go against the current as well as with it.

My brother Cyrus, a few years ago, collected and published the proofs of the fact, that Morey was the real inventor of the steamboat, so far, at least, as steam could be applied to the propelling of such a craft. Had our ingenious townsman lived in Boston or New York where his facilities for constructing and making improvements would have been such as he needed, he would now probably be acknowledged as the projector of those floating palaces which are crossing oceans and visiting the remotest portions of the world.

Morey was not a mere visionary experimenter or superficial sciolist in hydrostatics and pneumatology. His correspondence with the late Professor Silliman, of Yale College, shows that he was an ingenious inventor and practical philosopher. In the first volume of "Silliman's Journal of Science and Art," there is an article by John L. Sullivan, Esq., of Boston, describing and *commending* Morey's apparatus for producing heat and light from tar or rosin, and the steam of water. He says: "The inventor, not unskilled in chemistry, and aware of the attraction of oxygen for carbon, conceived it practicable to convert the constituents of water into fuel by means of this affinity." Morey succeeded in producing carburetted hydrogen gas, which, issuing from a pipe and being ignited, gave a blaze as large as that of a candle, or "many hundred times as large," just at pleasure by increasing the steam;—indeed a flame sufficiently large to fill a common fire-place. Thus Morey showed by his simple apparatus, that the burning of water is no hoax, but a reality; and that private and public buildings could be lighted and warmed by the same gas. In the same volume is an article entitled, "The revolving Steam Engine recently invented by Samuel Morey, and patented to him on the 14th of July, 1815, with four engravings." A scientific description of it is given by the same author.

There is also a long, well written article, "On Heat and Light," by Mr. Morey, in which he details various experiments made by himself, showing that the fumes of heated tar, rosin, or oil, mixed with steam of water, gives "a great body of flame and intense heat."

In the eastern part of the town was the respectable family of Strong; and the name was verified in the character of its members; intelligent, upright, and thriving, obtaining an independency from a soil not the most propitious. The Rev. Jonathan Strong, D. D., long the loved and revered pastor of the Congregational church in Randolph, Mass., was the second male child born in this town. He was educated at Dartmouth College, and was the most impressive preacher I ever heard. His tall, full developed frame, his countenance strikingly expressive of firmness and decision, and his dignified manner bespoke attention to all that he uttered. His occasional visits here to his aged mother and family, were hailed with joyfulness; and we felt a strong desire to improve every opportunity of hearing him. I remember well two of the texts on which he preached when he paid his last visit to his native town fifty years ago.

In the same neighborhood were the Palmers, steady, industrious, upright, estimable members of society, a good stock which has produced much good fruit. Time would fail me to speak particularly of the families of Sargent, Tillotson, Dame, and the two exemplary deacons, Taintor and Niles. Jeremiah Marston and Nathaniel Rogers were stable pillars in our social edifice, and held, as they well deserved, various offices in the town. I name these, because in my boyhood my feelings towards them all were of respect and veneration. They were the fathers of the town, and worthy to be had in long remembrance.

I might mention, also, the families of Phelps, Blood, and Quint in the east part of the town, and Cross, Dayton,

Wm. Rogers and Wm. Howard in this part, industrious, upright, respected citizens.

John Mann, Jr., was the first, and for many years the only merchant here. He was also the first postmaster and held that office for a long period. Rogers and Doubleday were the next to establish a store. After them came John B. Wheeler and his brother Daniel, who prosecuted a large and successful business, and did much for the prosperity of the place.

The physicians here in my youth were Todd and Hale. Unfortunately the temperance reformation did not begin its benevolent work till long after their decease. After them came the kind and attentive Dr. Eliphalet Kimball.

The first lawyer was Abiather G. Britton, who was at one time a member of the State Legislature, and later, Jeduthan Wilcox, once a representative in Congress.

The pedagogue rule was held for some years by that indefatigable teacher, Ephraim Kingsbury.

The following extract from an obituary notice was written by a lawyer, our townsman, in the city of New York, and appeared in the New Hampshire Journal: "I was informed a few days since that the aged and venerable John Mann, Esq., has been gathered to his fathers. He lived to see a generation grow up who ought long to cherish the name of him who may justly be styled the *Founder of Orford.* His memoirs, if well written, would be a valuable addition to American History, and a collection of facts of which the people among whom he lived could well be proud. Few towns can boast of as great and good a founder; and I hope for the honor of the town, that something will be done, that the name of this man shall not cease to be heard by this or any coming generation. Let his name be handed down to posterity with the legends of the town. Let the children of future generations be gathered around the fireside to hear the details of what his

own eyes saw and his own ears heard. Let them hew from their own granite, a monument which shall tell, long after the hewers of it are gone, who it was that prostrated the forests, and bade all civilized men welcome to his hospitable home. Let its inscription be simple, that children may read it, and remember that the foundation of society in that beautiful town was laid by a good, a virtuous, an industrious man, who lived and labored until more than eighty winters had passed over his head."

We must now go back in our chronological reminiscences to that memorable period in which the struggle for our national independence commenced. The year 1775 begins a new epoch in our history, an epoch which developed a true sense of civil liberty and human rights, and awakened the courage and patriotism necessary to assert and defend them. Though this town is not signalized by battle scenes with the Indians or the British, yet the spirit of the revolutionary time stirred the hearts of the people and caused them to act their part in those trying scenes which gave birth to a new nation.

On the 8th of May, 1775, Israel Morey and Nathaniel Rogers were chosen deputies to the convention to meet at Exeter on the 17th inst., and were instructed to "adopt and pursue such measures as may be judged most expedient *to restore the rights* of this and other colonies." The nature of this instruction can not be mistaken. Rights had been ignored and taken from the people, and they were determined to get them restored. No shilly shally hesitating policy was to be countenanced. The deputies were *to adopt measures to restore* the lost rights of this and other colonies.

That the fire of patriotism was quickly kindled and burned brightly, is manifest from the following record, dated Nov. 23, 1775. The inhabitants of Orford, Piermont, Lyme, Dorchester, and Wentworth, who own real

estate of two hundred pounds value, were notified to meet at Orford to elect one person to represent them "in General Congress to be held in Exeter, Dec. 21, of this year, to transact such business and pursue such measures as they may judge necessary for the public good. And in case there should be a recommendation from the Continental Congress that the Colony assume government in any particular form which will require a House of Representatives, that they resolve themselves into such a House, as the said Continental Congress shall recommend."

"And it is resolved, that no person shall be allowed a seat in Congress, who shall, by himself or any person before said House, treat with liquor any electors with an apparent view of gaining their votes, or afterwards on that account." Israel Morey was elected the deputy. Here was manifested a determination to comply with the recommendation of the General Congress as to the form of government, however loudly the British lion might roar and threaten hostilities. Here, too, was manifested a salutary fear of the influence of intoxicating drinks in perverting the minds of men, and suborning them to act contrary to strict integrity. Well would it have been if this demon had been thoroughly exorcised from every exercise of elective franchise, and from all legislative bodies to this day.

But the patriotism of the early occupants of this soil did not all evaporate in a town-meeting; nor was it dissipated by passing resolutions and electing deputies to a convention. Guns, powder, and lead were purchased, and scouts were employed "to make discovery of the enemy if any there were." At another meeting in 1776, Oct. 15, it was "voted to raise a tax of thirty-five pounds to purchase sixty weight of powder and one hundred and twenty weight of lead for a town stock."

Often, in past years, have I looked upon the large old head stone in the burying ground, commemorating a sol-

dier of the Revolution, by the name of Jeremiah Post, who fell in the battle of Bennington. The terrible scenes of war, as drawn by imagination, were pictured in my mind, and I wondered at the courage and patriotism which led men thus to peril and sacrifice their lives.

At a legal meeting, April 19, 1777, it was decided "to raise sixty pounds lawful money, to hire three men to enlist into the continental service to make up the town's proportion of forty-three men for three years." At another meeting in July, a committee was appointed "to hire scouts in conjunction with Fairlee, and provide provisions for them, and deal it out to them,—also to provide four men each night, and one each day, to watch the water craft and the streets." Morey was to be hired to pay these scouts and watchers; and "the school-house on the parade to be a guard-house for them."

The next year, 1778, the town voted "to adopt the *Articles of Confederation* and perpetual union, proposed by the Continental Congress." The traitorous doctrine of "*state rights*" of our day, which claims the right to abrogate the most solemn political pledges and oaths, to break up the national compact, and secede from the union at will; a doctrine which has involved us in the most relentless and desolating war known in modern times, had not been broached in the days of our patriotic fathers. They felt that the national safety and welfare depended on a well cemented and perpetual union.

Near the close of the year 1777, a move was made respecting the dismission of Rev. Mr. Noble from the ministry in this town, and it was voted that in case he should relinquish his pastorate, he should receive forty-two pounds lawful money, over and above his regular salary. A committee was appointed "to join with a committee of the church for the calling of a council" to carry this into effect. Mr. Noble came into the meeting and accepted the

terms proposed. The Rev. Peter Powers and the Rev. Wm. Conant and their delegates constituted the council, and Mr. Noble was dismissed December 30, 1777. It may be noticed that the town moved in this matter, and also in giving a call, before any action by the church;—a proceeding which, according to our ecclesiastical polity, is irregular, as all power to do ecclesiastical acts, inviting a pastor, ordination, installation, and dismission is vested in the church itself. In the three succeeding years Mr. George Morey, Mr. Ripley, and Mr. Gaylord were the preachers, and the rate of compensation was nine pounds per day. At the March meeting in 1779, a committee "was raised to consult with a committee of Fairlee, and agree on terms of union with this town in hiring preaching."

In the next year Mr. Noah Miles was invited to settle in the gospel ministry; his settlement to be two hundred pounds lawful money to be paid in wheat; and that sum to be increased two pounds annually until it shall amount to eighty-six pounds. If the English pound was the same as it is now, the gift at starting, called a *settlement*, was about one thousand dollars, and the salary three hundred to be increased till it amounted to four hundred and thirty. Very few ministers in country towns have experienced such liberality during the last fifty years. It does not appear that Mr. Miles accepted the invitation.

In the following month, October 25, it was "voted to build a meeting-house somewhere nigh Major Ephraim Morey's dwelling house." Also, "to receive Fairlee into union with Orford in settling a minister," and farther, "to empower the selectmen to hire a Grammar school master for six months from November 1st." It is pleasing to see that the education of youth was regarded of highest importance, next to the ministration of the Gospel. The common school system which originated in New England, has been, in connection with its ministry, the chief instrumen-

tality in making it what it is, '*decus et gloria patriæ*,' from which the light of science and religion has been diffused far and wide. These have made New Hampshire with its sterile soil and rigorous climate one of the principal states for the exportation of liberally educated men and women.

August 4, 1786, Mr. John Sawyer was invited to settle as pastor,—" the settlement to be six hundred and sixty-seven bushels of wheat at six shillings per bushel, his salary to commence at two hundred and forty bushels of wheat, and to increase annually eight bushels until the expiration of twelve years." These proposals were accepted. He was ordained October 3, 1787. Three years later, viz., January 5, 1790, it was " voted to build a meeting-house at the corner of Samuel Phelps' field." The vote of the previous year not having been carried into effect.

At the annual meeting in March following, it was " voted to lease the school lot on the river road for the term of nine hundred and ninety-nine years to Capt. John Mann, his heirs and assigns, at the rate of fifteen pounds per year,—the selectmen to make out the lease accordingly." This shows how that lot came into the possession of my father.

At an adjourned meeting a few days after, it was voted to build a meeting-house forty feet by sixty, with posts eighteen feet, and a porch at each door, on the rise of ground by Lieut. Dame's. Messrs. Mann, Todd, Tillotson, Dame and Simpson were the committee to inspect the building of the house, and to proceed immediately to sell the pews to defray the expense. In succeeding years votes were passed to build a house of worship, all of them differing as to the dimensions and precise location, though generally agreeing to place it on the plain near where Mr. Tillotson now lives.

There a house was erected, as I well remember, but

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never finished. It was taken down and placed on the height of land between the Connecticut and Baker's rivers, a most uncomfortable and unsuitable location, especially in the piercing cold and drifting snow of winter. There were no sheds for the protection of horses, and no stoves within for the comfort of the people. Indeed for many years after this, stoves, except such as were carried in the hands of individuals, were luxuries in churches rarely to be found. I do not recollect ever to have seen one through the early years of my ministry. To be cold in the pulpit is bad enough, but to be destitute of animal and spiritual warmth in the pews is worse. The hardy people of those days willingly suffered from cold for the sake of participating in the benefits of public worship. We have since learned that it is consistent with religion to unite bodily comfort with spiritual edification. In summer anc the milder part of autumn, we regarded it rather a pleasure to walk the three miles, on alternate Sabbaths, to the house of God on that breezy hill. From the year 1794, the meetings on the Sabbath were usually held one half of the time in this village, and one half in the east part of the town.

Canada thistles, those most unwelcome visitors, began to infest the town, and in 1795 the selectmen were directed to prepare " a petition to the General Court to pass an act to prevent the growth of thistles in this State." I never heard what was the success of the petition, but I believe that neither the petition nor the doings of the Court have exterminated that pestilent weed ; and that in spite of legislation and careful husbandry it continues to grow and annoy.

In 1799 the Rev. Wm. Forsyth was engaged to preach, and was offered four hundred dollars salary on condition, that if ordained, and " the town shall be unwilling to have him remain as their minister, it shall be discharged from him, and from paying him further salary." The provis-

ion for admission at the commencement of a pastorate which anticipates trouble before it comes, in contrariety to the Saviour's words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is not altogether a new invention in these, our days of progress. Mr. Forsyth was a true Scotchman, and whether the people were inclined to be chary of the sons of good old Scotia, I know not. Certain it is that we have much reason to hold them in high estimation. He was educated in the University of Edinburg; was thoroughly acquainted with the classic languages, and sometimes quoted the Greek of a scripture passage in his sermons. He was an able preacher,—had passed the middle period of life,—was venerable in appearance;—his hair was always powdered white as snow, and his whole bearing was dignified. I had good opportunities for knowing him and receiving catechetical instruction from him, for my father's house was his home through his brief ministry.

In 1800, November 23, the town gave Mr. Sylvester Dana an invitation to the pastorate, and offered him four hundred dollars as a salary, and six hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-seven cents as a settlement. This was accepted, and he was ordained and instituted pastor of the town, May 10, 1801. In that office he continued twenty-one years. His dismission took place April 30, 1822. He was a good man, sound in doctrine, an earnest and affectionate preacher, faithful and conscientious in the performance of ministerial duty.

The division of the town into two parishes, the eastern and western, had been agitated, and when Mr. Dana's pastoral relation to the town ceased, it was voted unanimously, "that it is not expedient to divide the town into two parishes." For this decision the large number of one hundred and thirty-four votes were given.

Immediately, however, a new church of twenty-eight

members was formed in this part of the town called the "West Church." It was organized on the day of the dismission of the pastor and by the same council, April 30, 1822. Measures were soon taken to constitute "a permanent society for the support of the gospel on the river road in Orford and Fairlee." On the 30th of December following, it was unanimously voted to give Mr. Dana an invitation to become the pastor of the West Church, and he was installed February 19, 1823. He continued the pastor ten years and resigned January 1, 1833. During that period his labors were greatly blessed to the conversion of many of his flock;—ninety-seven were added to the church; fifty-eight of that number in one year.

In the year 1813, an event occurred which is worthy of record, and should not pass into oblivion;—an event which shows that God does mercifully interpose in answer to the prayers of his people. The spotted fever was extensively prevalent in the town, and new cases were occurring almost daily.

Riding out one morning I came opposite a house in which an old man lived whose name was Fisher. He hailed me and came up saying that it was a solemn and alarming time with us, and asked if there ought not to be a day of fasting and prayer. I assented and promised to go immediately to the pastor and propose it, which I did. Wednesday of the following week was fixed upon for the duty, and announcement was made accordingly on the Sabbath, the service to be in the east meeting-house. Being a licensed preacher, it was my lot to preach in the forenoon and Mr. Dana in the afternoon. It was a peculiarly solemn day. Many were sick with that strange and often quickly fatal disease. It was not expected that the two aged deacons, Taintor and Niles, would live through the day. God heard and answered the earnest supplications of his people. The two deacons recovered, and those who

were sick were restored to health. From that day to this, a period of fifty-two years, there has not been a case of that fearful disease, to my knowledge, in this town.

The Rev. James D. L. Farnsworth succeeded Mr. Dana in the pastoral office, and was ordained and installed January 1, 1823. He was distinguished for sociability and facility of accommodating himself to all classes of people, and was abundant in pastoral visitation and labors. His ministry closed April 9, 1832.

The Rev. Daniel Campbell was next invited to take the oversight of the flock, and was installed May 29, 1833. His ministry continued a little more than fourteen years, in which time eighty-three were added to the church. He was an energetic and faithful preacher, active in parochial labors, and a bright example of christian virtues. His health having become greatly impaired, he requested a dissolution of the pastoral relation, and was dismissed September 7, 1847.

The Rev. Wm. Clarke succeeded him and was ordained and installed May 17, 1849. After a ministry of three years he relinquished his charge, and was dismissed agreeably to his request, April 22, 1852, and became a Missionary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, and was stationed at Arabkir, in Eastern Turkey. His successor was Rev. Ira Case, who was ordained November 29, 1852. His dismission took place June 14, 1854.

The Rev. Windsor A. Smith was his successor, and commenced his pastorate November 1, 1854. Being in ill health he resigned and was dismissed August 15, 1860, having had a ministry of six years.

The present incumbent is the much esteemed Rev. Moses T. Runnels.

After the dismission of Mr. Farnsworth, who was pastor of the town, the First or East Church was destitute of a pastor for eleven years, and was served by ministers em-

ployed for a longer or shorter time. Mr. Andrew B. Foster was ordained and installed June 26, 1845. A small, neat parsonage house was built, connected with which were a few acres of land. His health failed, and at his request he was dismissed November 22, 1847.

Rev. Jotham Sewall commenced his labors with that society in October, 1851, and was installed February 16, 1853. His dismission took place in 1855.

What I have said respecting churches and pastors has exclusive reference to those of the Congregational denomination. For about forty years the only church and society in the town was of that faith and order. About the year —— the Methodists began to hold meetings in the north-eastern part of the town, and after a while formed a church and built a small house of worship, which, as I think, was never completed. For a number of years their small community flourished and gathered strength.

For many years there were individuals of the Universalist persuasion, who, with their families usually attended public worship with the mass of the people and aided in its support. In about the year 1840, they erected a house of worship in this village, and commenced public religious services as a separate congregation.

Among her sons, whom Orford has reared, who have reflected honor upon her, I may be allowed to mention two other of my brothers, the elder of whom was the Hon. Benning Mann, for many years a lawyer in the city of Hartford, Ct. He had been Judge of Tolland County Court, United States Marshal for Connecticut, Senator in the Legislature of the State, and successively Justice and Clerk of the Police Court of that city. At his death the Hartford Bar passed these resolutions: "The genial kindness, the unvarying sympathy, the sterling sense and the unbending integrity of our late venerable associate, who for many years has been connected with us

in the practice of our profession, will long be commemorated in the hearts of the Bar of this county.

Resolved, That in the administration of the public trusts committed to his care, he discharged official duties with an honesty which has made his name proverbial, and has left a memory ever to be cherished in the respect and esteem of the community.

Among the resolutions passed by the officers and members of the Police, were the following:

"*Resolved*, That his unobtrusive goodness, his untiring usefulness, his equable disposition, his incorruptable integrity, and his unswerving fidelity to the right, shall embalm his memory in our hearts, and incite us to emulate his virtues.

Resolved, That as an administrator of justice he was faithful and considerate, as an adviser and counsellor, reliable and trustworthy, as a citizen, patriotic, as a man, honorable, as a neighbor, kind and courteous, and as a friend, 'true as steel.'"

The other brother next older to myself was Rev. Cyrus Mann. He graduated at Dartmouth College, was Principal of Gilmanton Academy two years, was Tutor in the College five years, and was pastor of the Congregational church in Westminster, Mass., twenty-six years. An obituary article states concerning him: "By his personal efforts an Academy was founded and sustained in that place, which was of great service to the cause of education in that region, and which still exists as a monument to his name." "His memory dwells in the evangelical churches of Worcester County, (several of which he helped to found,) as one who preached the gospel with plainness, power and love, not fearing man, but only God." His ministry was signalized by numerous and powerful revivals. He died in 1859, aged seventy-three.

Rev. John Wheeler, D. D., was reared here from his

youth. It was when he was in college, if I mistake not, that he became a subject of divine grace and commenced the life of a shining, useful Christian. He received his theological education at Andover, and was settled as pastor of the Congregational church in Windsor, Vt. He was a popular preacher, graceful in style and manner, and faithful in exhibiting divine truth. He was President of the University of Vermont for several years, and filled that office with much acceptance. His influence and qualifications contributed largely to the prosperity of the Institution.

Hon. Leonard Wilcox, after receiving his collegiate education, read law with his father here. He became a judge in one of your courts of justice, and was for a short period a member of the United States Senate. All these have finished their course and have passed away from earth.

Every loyal man is willing to do honor to our brave defenders who have periled their lives to save our country from the ruin attempted by traitors and rebels. Among those who constitute a bright catalogue of townsmen yet living, I may be allowed to mention Gen. Gilman Marston, a practitioner of law, a wise and upright legislator who laid aside the business of his profession, took the sword and gallantly defended the cause of freedom, humanity and national life.

Major Frederic Edgel, the Chief Marshal of the day, is another of the brave officers of our noble army, and has rendered important services in our late war, and also in the war with Mexico,—services by which he has well merited the promotion he has received.

And now I leave it for you, fellow citizens, and for posterity to judge whether the good town of Orford has not just reason to be proud of such sons as these. This town has given a collegiate education to more than thirty young men who were born or reared here.

I have now taken a survey of the more important events of our dear native town, from its infancy to its mature growth of a hundred years. The Granite State has some gems in her civic diadem, and good old Orford is one of them. May it ever shine with undimmed brightness, reflecting honor on those noble men and women who ventured into the dark recess of its forests, whose well directed labors have given it so much to admire.

We began these historic reminiscences in a solitary wilderness, among the lofty monarchs of the forest. We end in the midst of a lovely landscape, adorned with highly cultivated and luxuriant fields, rewarding the industry of a happy people, and exhibiting the bountifulness of the Creator. We began in a hastily constructed log cabin with bark for its covering, unadorned by the skillful use of the carpenter's chisel and plane. We end in a smiling village, ornamented with tasteful and commodious dwellings, whose occupants want no good thing. We began without roads,—with crooked paths like an Indian trail, and bridgeless streams. We end with smooth highways through leveled hills and uplifted valleys.

We commenced the journey of our fathers and mothers adventurously mounted on horseback or travelling on foot, advancing a few miles only in a day, lonely and weary, to a land they knew not. We end with the puffing, screaming engine, whirling its thundering train of cars almost with the speed of the frightened birds. We commenced with the pounded corn and the omnifarious potatoe for food, and beachnuts and wild berries for fruit. We end with rich gardens and fruitful orchards, showing a taste and skill in horticulture, floral culture and fruit growing which challenge competition.

We commenced our century with no building for imparting the elements of education and for developing the powers of the youthful mind; where the school-mis-

tress lays the foundation of future usefulness and honorable distinction. The great teachers then were nature and God. We end amidst flourishing schools with the best text books ever prepared; with an Academy soon to be filled, I hope, with earnest lovers of learning, and with a neighboring college which ought to have been located here. We began with no sanctuary but the solemn forest and the blue empyreal arch. We end with handsome church edifices, with faithful preachers of the gospel, the administration of the divinely instituted ordinances, and the people called to the house of God by the mellow sound of the bell sending its echoes among the hills and mountains.

We commenced in the quietness and the solemn stillness of a vast wilderness, the extent of which the royal grantors of charters had never imagined. We close our centennial review at the termination of a gigantic civil war;—the cessation of the uproar and carnage of mighty contending armies;—the capture of defiant and almost impregnable fortifications and their restoration to the national government from which they were stolen. Thank God, the slaughter of our brave, patriotic fellow citizens on the battle field, and their murder by starvation in southern prisons have ceased. The deadly struggle for the preservation of national life and the vindication of governmental authority has ended in a God-given and glorious victory. To what an epoch have we come! What a momentous crisis have we reached! Never has the world seen its equal. Never have the precious interests of mankind, civil and religious, present and future, been so imperilled, so staked, as on the issue of this unparalled contest. May its termination be followed by the breaking of every yoke of oppression,—the enjoyment of freedom by every robbed and helpless bondman, and the practical enforcement of the great self-evident truths, "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator

with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." May the horrid barbarities which have marked the progress of the late conflict be succeeded by the beneficent reconstruction of the rebellious states, the establishment of schools, the planting of churches, the diffusion of all gospel truth, and the inauguration of that long looked for period in which universal good will and brotherhood shall pervade our land and the world.

Let us, fellow citizens, imitate the virtues of our departed ancestors. Let us cherish an ardent love of our divinely favored country. Let us maintain, defend and diffuse those great political and religious truths, obedience to which constitutes true greatness. And when this memorable and delightful reunion shall be past, and we scatter to our homes, near and remote, may we so pass the remainder of life as to have a felicitous reunion in a brighter world.

The following article was written by Rev. Cyrus Mann after careful investigation of the subject, and was printed in the Boston Recorder in 1858:

"Who was the original inventor of the steamboat? The credit of the original invention of the steamboat is commonly awarded to Robert Fulton; but it is believed that it belongs primarily and chiefly to a far more obscure individual. So far as is known, the first steamboat ever seen on the waters of America, was invented by Capt. Samuel Morey, of Orford, N. H. The astonishing sight of this man ascending Connecticut river between that place and Fairlee, in a little boat just large enough to contain himself and the rude machinery connected with the steam-boiler, and a handful of wood for a fire, was witnessed by the writer in his boyhood, and by others who yet survive. This was as early as 1793, or earlier, and

before Fulton's name had been mentioned in connection with steam navigation.

Morey had his mind set upon the steamboat and had actually brought it into operation, although in a rude and imperfect state at that period. He had corresponded with Professor Silliman, of New Haven, and been encouraged by that distinguished patron of the arts and sciences. Many of the writings of this correspondence are still extant. Soon after a few successful trips in his boat on the river, Morey went with the model of it to New York, where he had frequent interviews with Messrs. Fulton and Livingstone, to whom he exhibited and explained his invention. They advised to have the engine in the side or centre of the boat, instead of the bow or forepart to which it had been assigned by Morey. That they were highly pleased with what he had exhibited is manifest from the offer made of one hundred thousand dollars, if he would return home and make the alteration suggested, so as to operate favorably. They treated him with great respect and attention. Taking a friendly leave he returned to his distant residence to make the alteration.

Having completed the work at considerable expense of time and study, and with the help of his brother Maj. Israel Morey, who aided in making the machinery, he repaired to New York, expecting the same cordiality which he had before experienced. But to his surprise he was treated with great coldness and neglect, and no further intercourse with him was desired. The secret of his invention had been fully acquired, and from subsequent developments it appeared that Fulton in the interval of Morey's absence, had planned and formed a boat according to the model shown him, and he now desired no further communication with the originator. He even went to Orford during the period in which the alteration was being made, to examine its progress and the prospect of success.

In 1798, several years after Morey's boat had ascended the Connecticut river, the legislature of New York "passed an act investing Mr. Livingstone with the exclusive right and privilege of navigating all kinds of boats which might be propelled

by the force of fire or steam, on all the waters within the territory or jurisdiction of the state of New York."

Subsequently, Mr. Livingstone "entered into a contract with Fulton, by which, among other things, it was agreed that a patent should be taken in the United States in Fulton's name." In 1802 or 3, Fulton came forward with an "experimental boat" for which he obtained a patent with the usual exclusive privileges. Thus it appears that there was ample time after his interviews with Morey for him to complete his schemes previous to their consummation. He now claimed to be the inventor of the steamboat. The patent could not be obtained "without Mr. Fulton's taking an oath that the improvement was wholly his."

Does not this look like great unfairness towards Mr. Morey? Does it not almost irresistibly convey the idea that the patentee surreptitiously seized upon the invention and turned it to his own account, taking advantage of the quiet disposition and retired position of the real inventor? In this light Morey ever after, to the day of his death, viewed the whole transaction. Living witnesses testify that he repeatedly "complained of Fulton for superseding him in obtaining a patent and stealing the honor and emolument of the invention." A gentleman of unimpeachable veracity, who was with Morey some of the last years and days of his life, asserts that he most bitterly criminated Fulton for his ill treatment in secretly depriving him of his sacred rights and privileges. Why should the dying man have done this and persisted in it amidst the solemnities of his situation and the approaching realities of eternity, unless he knew that the truth was on his side? He was a man of veracity, in whom his friends and acquaintances had entire confidence."

Music by the Band.
Prayer by Rev. Charles B. Dana.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY MISS MARY P. HOWARD.

We are assembled here to-day
  Upon our native sod,
Where long ago, o'er wild-wood paths,
  Our Father's footsteps trod.

A hundred years are gone since they—
  'Mid dangers, care and toil—
Their humble household alters raised
  Upon the Red Man's soil.

Where stood for ages grand old woods,
  Waving in lordly pride,
While 'neath their branches broad and green,
  Fair flowers bloomed and died.

E'en while the woodman's axe is heard,
  With pleasure, day by day,
Voices were sighing 'mong the pines—
  Ever a mournful lay.

Here, in this pleasant, lovely vale,
  Sprang up a hardy race,
With enterprise and energy,
  Well suited for their place.

Though weary oft with saddened hearts,
  'Mid rugged paths they trod,
Yet hopeful and with loving faith,
  Trusting their Fathers' God.

E'er long, their labor brought reward—
  Kind heaven on them smiled—
Soon fair and fruitful was the land,
  Which once had been so wild.

Although our Fathers toiled for wealth,
  Yet nobler aims they sought,
Which were to their prophetic eyes,
  With richer blessings fraught.

They had a high regard for Truth,
And Intellectual Worth,
While Mortal Beauty ever beamed
Beside each happy hearth.

Churches were built, with lofty spires,
Pointing the way to heaven—
The basis they for knowlege laid,
Which time has never riven.

We bless the mem'ry of our sires—
Their resting-place is near—
They've left a rich inheritance,
For those who linger here.

Dear to our hearts will ever be
Our fair New England home;
Fondly our hearts to it will turn,
Where'er our steps may roam.

A kindly welcome to the friends,
Whose homes are far away—
Whose voices mingle with our own,
In honor of this day.

With gratitude our hearts we'll raise
To Him who rules above,
For all the mercies we enjoy—
For all His tender love.

Benediction.

After the conclusion of the exercises the procession reformed and proceeded to a large and splendid Camp Pavillion, erected on the common, where tables were arranged for about fifteen hundred persons, which were soon filled.

The assembly having been called to order by the President and the guests seated, Rev. B. M. Tillotson, of Manchester, was called upon and invoked a blessing.

All having partaken of the sumptuous dinner, the feast of reason was commenced.

The President announced the following sentiment and called upon James B. Richardson, Esq., of Boston, to respond:

"Our Centennial Day."

Mr. Richardson responded by reciting the following poem:

* * * * * * * * *

Nor yet of arms shall our verses swell,
Nor of the battles where your brave sons fell;
And yet the tender Muse, passing so near,
Would pause to drop a sympathetic tear,
With those who moisten yet the hallowed grave,
Of those in peace most gentle, in war most brave,
Who for their Country in life's morning bled,
And with patriot's glory lie in a soldier's bed.
They rest in peace, their last long march is done;
The conflict is ended and the victory's won;
The nation's wealth and their country's fame,
The State shall live to glorify their name.

Not to the dead alone is tribute due,
The State shall honor well the living too;
With pine and laurel from her granite plain,
Will strew their pathway as they come home again.
But how feeble are our lips to say
The half the varied thoughts that fill our minds to-day;
What various feelings crowd the throbbing heart;
How often diverse tears unbidden start,
Of joy, and sorrow, mingling as they fall,
At the paternal but now deserted hall;
Coming afar, what new emotion thrills,
As once again we see our native hills;
Scenes of our youth unbidden crowd in view,
To which long ago we bid a last adieu.
Haunts of delight relit by memory's gleams,
Unseen since years ago except in dreams.

There stands the Church where first we knelt in praise,
To learn to reverence Heaven's mysterious ways.
And here the School-house where the little group,
Came in at nine to practice "how to shoot;"
Whence came the College pedagogue, prim and sedate,
And feasted winter long on the district's pies and cakes.
Who thought to punish for sundry roguish prank,
By seating us with pretty Ellen, Kate or Frank!
There the village store, where were nightly told
The deeds of prowess, acts of valor bold,
Of the Revolution, in which they bore a part,
And fought again their battles on the hearth.
There flows the placid Connecticut, least changed of all;
The scenes we left, which memory recalls.
Fit emblem of the laws of God, fair river,
Amidst all mutability, thou art unchanged forever.

But dwelling on these scenes of memory's glory,
The time runs on, the Muse delays her story.

'Tis Autumn twilight, September's golden sun
Declining westward, his daily course has run;
The parched fields with gathering dewdrops shine,
And slender grass therewith their tops incline.
A dweller now, in a distant clime, had come
To see again the scenes of his childhood home;
And roaming, musing on the days long flown,
By chance confronted an old church yard stone.
It had stood, notched, moss-grown and sear,
In memory of ——— for the hundreth year.
"A hundred years," the traveller said,
In a playful mood, "thou hast been with the dead;
Now tell me, Centennarian resting below,
For thou knowest far more than the living, I know,
Of the years and days of a century ago."

He tapped on the stone, but receiving no sound
Save a hollow echo, was turning around,
When the clock struck twelve from the belfry near.
That o'clock filled the cycle of the hundreth year.
When a voice hailing him in as merry a tone
As you could expect — from an old gray stone —

"Tarry," it said, "I pray you stay,
With you I fain would go;
For to-morrow's my Centennial day,
And its one hundred years ago
Since these fields or hills I've seen,
And I should lose my way,
For the spotted trees not one I see,
They are gone this many a day.
The very mountains themselves I ween,
Are changed, as you must know,
And hills are leveled and roads are cut,
Since one hundred years ago.

I knew them well, in yonder yard,
Who came to clear this soil;
As stalwart and as honest men,
As ever lived by toil.
They found a wild but fruitful soil,
With forests overlaid;
And air and sky as clear as ever
To any eye displayed.
They went to work in earnest,
For substance not for show,
And planted here all you now see,
One hundred years ago.

'Twas Mann, he was my neighbor,
Who first did settle here;
Soon came Pratt and Story,
They also settled near.
And I remember how they came,
Their wealth, a wife and child,
They cut and fought their lonely way,
Through the forests deep and wild.
They cut and ploughed and planted,
And then the germ did sow,
Of all they've reaped here, since
One hundred years ago.

There were Dame and Popes and Dayton,
Who dwelt by the pine clad hill;
The memory of whose works shall live,

While water turns the mill.
Marston and Sawyer and Rogers;
Then Howards not a few,
Who were highest in their *cap*-ital art,
When their old hats were new!
There were men whose names were Mann,
A manly race you know,
These since, not less than those I knew,
One hundred years ago.

One Morey, captain he was called,
Came early to these hills;
A sturdy and a generous man,
Of rare inventive skill;
Whose whims I trow, by the youngsters now,
Are the stock of many a joke;
But let their lives be as useful as his,
And they may laugh at his mill of smoke.
The pliant resistless power that moves
The car, the vessel, the loom, the plow,
Is the same that in his tea-kettle sung,
Nearly one hundred years ago.

Yonder stood the ancient church,
With its Heavenward pointing spire,
Where Noble, Sawyer and Dana preached,
And lived the faith they sought to inspire.
There were Wheeler, Simpson and Tillotson,
And Kimball of medical skill,
Who gave cheer to many a hearth,
By the power of his powder and pill.
Sargent and Freeman and Dame,
At the sound of the enemy's gun,
Exchanged, for the sword, their plows,
As their sons again have done.

* * * * * * * *

Oh, they were a glorious race,
Those men of former days;
Their lives, behold them in their works!
And emulate while you praise.
They left for you those treasures,

Better than gold or their lands;
The examples of their lives and faith,
Outlasting the work of hands.

* * * * * * * *

Welcome! ever may you welcome give,
To those who love the right;
Ever may unity, peace and love,
Your hearts and hands unite.
The flowing years will glide away,
A Century come and go,
You to them as I to you,
One hundred years from now."

The voice ceased, the gray
Of dawn, proclaimed the coming day.
The rising sun sent up his crimson rays,
Tinging the mountain tops with golden hue,
Fringing the forest leaves with diamonds of the dew.
Aroused by sounds of other travelers near,
Returning hither on their Centennial year,
He seeks the road, meets the gathering throng
Of friends and kindred once again at home.

On every side fond greetings meet his ears,
In joy too great for anything but tears;
Father and son again stand face to face;
Mother and daughter clasped in close embrace;
Brother and sister by nature's insight know
The kindred form, unseen since years ago;
Unchanged and loving as they loved at first,
Bound still together for the best or worst.
How joyfully, swiftly, the time glides away,
But the sands of the glass run golden to-day.
On our absent friends may good fortune attend,
And the blessings of Him on whom all blessings depend.

* * * * * * * * *

Orford, our mother, we come at thy bidding,
Our treasures, our hearts all to thee bringing;
From the sea or the land wherever we roam,
Turn we fondly to thee, our infancy's home.

The next sentiment announced was:

"Our School-mates of the past."

Responded to by Timothy M. Dewey, Esq., of Westfield, Mass., as follows:

Mr. President—"School-mates of the past"—Friends of the present: Grateful to those of you who have dutifully remained at home and laid this magic scene, and equally grateful for the invitation to be present; happy too to be with you here to-day—here above all other places in the world,—by the side of the beautiful river whose silver thread, shimmering and sparkling away into the dreamy south, caught the earliest visions of my childhood; here under the battlements of yonder mountain which standing out so boldly into the interval, was the constant wonder of my youth, and whose serrated outline trending away into illimitable space, formed the extreme southern boundary of my child-world; here where the joyful shout and ringing laugh echoed back and forth from hill to hill among the school-mates of the past; here, too, within view of the old familiar burying ground where rest the remains of so many, dear to us all; happy, too, in meeting so many, though changed, still familiar faces; it will be exceedingly gratifying to me if I may be able to speak a few words which shall contribute to the general enjoyment of the occasion. After partaking of a repast so more than regal, so well arranged, so rich and beautiful in every way, that I don't believe it can be equalled again here or elsewhere, I *ought* to be able to make a speech in some degree commensurate therewith.

The sentiment just read, starts into active life a thousand fancies, and recalls so many pleasant memories of the past, that it seems almost impossible to select from such profuse flowering, any single topic to present for your consideration; and I am in very much the same predicament of the young man who went to New York and returned

with the report, that "there were so many 'housen' he couldn't see the city at all!"

The mountain, river and hill are still the same; all else how changed!

"The old school house is changed, dear Tom,
The benches are replaced
By new ones just like those, dear Tom,
Our pen-knives had defaced.
The same old tricks are in the wall,
The bell swings too and fro,
The music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas thirty years ago.

The river's running just the same,
The willows on its side
Are larger than they were, dear Tom,
The stream appears less wide,
The grape-vine swing is ruined now,
Where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweet-hearts, pretty girls,
Near forty years ago."

Of the school-mates of the decade of 1820–1830, who were more especially my own, but few, I suppose, are present. Those of later years are probably more fully represented. In every familiar face around me I read the record of some incident of the past, which constitutes a link in the golden chain of memories which God has caused to be wrought by nature, to bind together the fellowship of his children.

I look upon one face and immediately there stands forth from the dim obscurity of gathering years, the form of Master John Batchelder.

"A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

I think Goldsmith must have had him in view when he wrote that beautiful poem.

I look on other faces and am reminded of Masters Jared Palmer, Dr. James Haselton, Alvan Grimes, Col. Rogers, Joseph L. Richardson, Daniel Dayton, Sparhawk, Durhee, and others, and we must not forget to embrace Mistress Stebbins in our list, in whose school-room we were required to stand guard during all the thunder storms of the season.

I recall a host of other minor incidents connected with our school exercises, but being of a local character I must let them rest. I can hardly forbear introducing to my comrades in the old north district, Miss Mehitable Simpson, whom we called "Hitty," and who said that "if her father hadn't married his present wife he'd been worth sixteen dollars; and that he never *would* have married her if his first wife hadn't died."

I see still others who remind me of our evening spelling schools, and the exciting operations of "choosing sides," and the sly notes of admiration that passed, on slate and paper, under the benches; of our theatricals, where our rude efforts must have disturbed the ashes of Garrick and Shakspeare in their long repose.

I am thus reminded of the great and constantly increasing progress in all of the educational interests of this country,—our Normal, Naval and Agricultural schools, and various other institutions of learning which now exist and have been mainly introduced since our school days, but to the consideration of which, time and occasion are both opposed.

I turn again, and meet the friendly look of the successful business man, our most studious schoolmate, who has probably bought and sold more lumber than has grown in this town since the sound of the axe first echoed through its forests, and by whom I am reminded of the time when, by the authority of the certificate of Rev. James D. Farnsworth and others, the baton of the teacher first passed into

my hand; and also of our grand old Mt. Cube, and the winds that roar upon its summit and whistle around its base; of Capt. Aaron Mann and his wonderful wind stories. I will venture one of them as 'twas told to me. Having occasion to board a new barn, and the boards being rather green, he tacked them on, as was customary, for shrinking, before the final fastening, and retired to his bed, always sweet to the laboring man. During the night there arose, or rather descended one of those mountain winds, and on viewing his barn in the morning, he found the nails all driven "spang in to the head." I turn yet again and see one of our number who struck "fat" instead of "ile," and fancy myself taking a lesson in the "fife and drum business," and then comes the old "May training"—the old Floodwood company and its Capt. Newell, who, forgetting the word of command, asked his company "why in —— they couldn't *haw* as they did in the morning!" And then of Capt. Stevens and the famous Court-martial of our old friend Nat. Palmer. It was generally conceded and even by Palmer himself, that he was *very* plain looking, and the Captain not having the pleasure of his acquaintance, ordered him under arrest, and he was tried on the charge of "making up faces at the captain." Upon the trial he was requested to "make up as bad a face as he could," which he did, and was at once discharged on the ground that "he looked better than he did before."

I can hardly allow the occasion to pass without a word in memory of Nathaniel Palmer, one of Orford's brightest sons. He spent his obscure boyhood beneath the shades of Dorchester Mountain, but acquiring more than an ordinary education, he soon became the successful teacher, the fluent speaker, the profound law student, the humorous, witty, faithful and true friend and companion. He was attacked by the insidious disease of consumption, and ere his prime of usefulness was reached—passed away.

Of the century, the closing boundary of which we meet this day to define and commemorate, but few of us have seen more than the latter half, none of us probably, the whole, the oldest person present, Capt. Gage, being ninety-one years old. But still we have already declined "in the down-hill of life" so as to be able to speak of and wonder at the changes wrought even in our day, in almost every department of enterprise and society.

Since we have lived, Daniel Webster has passed through his prime, astonishing the world with his intellectual powers. Henry Clay, the large-hearted advocate of the American Republic, and the eloquent champion of Grecian Independence, has spoken, and half the world stood still to listen. Edward Everett, the consummate flower of classic eloquence, the great American scholar of modern times, has come and gone. Rufus Choate, too, has risen like the flashing meteor upon the world, and, culminating in dazzling brightness to the utmost reach of oratorical splendor, has gone "up higher." Since John Mann and Jonathan Sawyer first wielded their axes in this town, the war of the Revolution has been fought, and the right of our people to govern themselves fully maintained. Warren, Prescott, and scores of others, noble souls, have fought and bled and died. The war of 1812 has confirmed that right. The Shay's and the Dorr rebellions are only remembered for their insignificance. The war with Mexico, too, with all its wrongs, has become a part of our history during this period, and last and greatest of all, the most unwarrantable rebellion of 1861, and where is the pen to do justice its history.

"A hundred years, and who have lived and died
In all thy borders in that round of years?
The rude forefathers: men all true and tried,
From earth have passed. 'Mid doubts and fears,
The learned and honored, gray as holy seers,
Have gone their way,—their venerable forms,

Amid a thousand fancies live as yet,
And must forever live."

But, Mr. President, I must hasten to a close.

"Our memorial song is ended, our memorial day soon done,
Soon amid the falling shadows we and it must journey on,
On the troubled sea before us, all our hopes and all our fears,
We again go down to venture for another hundred years.

Farewell mountain, hills and waters, like the vapors ye must fade,
We shall come again—one morning, when all history is made,
We shall see the roll of honor, 'tis for crowns and kingdoms won,
When the Lord of all the Centuries tells His little ones 'well done.'"

The President then read the sentiment which follows:

"Orford, our dear old home; while all things else change her hills and her mountains remain the same, and our eyes are this day delighted with the beauty and grandeur of her natural scenery as our fathers were one hundred years ago."

Rev. B. M. Tillotson, of Manchester, being called upon, after some playful remarks about entering into competition with knives and forks and dishes, most eloquently responded as follows:

Mr. President: I am happy to be present here to-day, and on this occasion. I am thrice happy to meet so many of the native born of this good old town. There is a sort of fellow feeling existing among those born in contiguous neighborhoods, and a strong tie of sympathy springing from identity of local origin, made stronger by all the forces of early associations. These ties and associations conspire to bind together this vast assembly to-day. The cords of mutual sympathy that make us one here to-day, run back to our childhood, and are stronger than "hooks of steel." We feel the bond of union. We acknowledge its potency over the soul.

This is a sort of *family* meeting, and the separated sons and daughters come back and gather around the old *hearth-stone* to revel for a brief time in the brighter memories of the past, compare that past with the present, and perhaps glance at the future. So this is eminently a *social* day, and in a social way let its golden hours and opportunities be improved and enjoyed.

The sentiment, Mr. President, to which you ask me to respond, speaks of this as our *dear old Home*. It *is* dear, *dear* to all who remember this as their birth place, even though long ago they went forth "in other lands to dwell;" *dear*, as the place of our nativity; *dear*, because of the associations of youth; *dear*, as the home of our fathers, and where many of our kindred dwell; *dear*, because here sleeps kindred dust, and here are the graves of the beloved who have finished their course on earth. A thousand ties bind us to this goodly town, and will continue to draw us hither while life, and thought, and being shall last. We tread these old familiar places with a thrill of delight. Our hearts grow lighter, and our step more elastic, as we approach these scenes of our youth. The romance of early days comes back again at the sight of what our eyes first beheld of this beautiful world. The power and the charm still remain. We can still sing, with the spirit and the understanding also,—

"How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood!
Each streamlet, each hillock, each mountain and dell;
The plain and the meadow, the pasture and wildwood,
And e'en the rude bucket that hangs in the well."

Yes, sir, *dear*, *inexpressibly dear*, is the consecrated place. We are almost persuaded to "put off our shoes from our feet," and call this "holy ground" whereon we tread!

"Here we learned to lisp a mother's name,
The first beloved in life, the last forgot,
And here we spent our frolic youth."

Indeed is this our dear old home; dear in our earlier years, dear, and forever dear to us all.

The sentiment alludes, also, to the changes that have occurred in all else save the hills and mountains that surround us. The truth of this allusion casts the only shadow that rests upon us to-day. The voices of the past preach to us the solemn lessons of change—"that earthly things are mist—that our joys are but dreams, and our hopes are like shadows in the Summer cloud." Phantoms of the past rise up and move before us here, like a shifting panorama, and then vanish away, leaving only sad memories behind them. We, who left our homes years ago, have, from time to time, been summoned back again to join the funeral march of some loved one to the grave! We visit those once happy homes, now—alas! how changed! Vacant places speak with a silent eloquence the heart cannot resist, and dark shadows gather that can be dispersed only by the Christian's faith in Immortality! The fire-side groups—the home circle—the bright band of youthful associates that often met to chase the golden hours that sped on viewless wings away,—alas! alas! how changed! In some instances they are scattered and altogether gone, and to-day they seem to us like "the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not a wreck behind."

But we turn from these visions of the past, and look upon our native hills and mountains, and these all remain the same. Nature, unchanged, speaks in familiar language. With a "voice of gladness, and a smile and eloquence of beauty," she welcomes us all home again on this Centennial day. She greets us as she greeted our fathers one hundred years ago. The same hills and mountains, meadows, lakes and rivers are ours now, that were theirs a century ago.

I always admired nature's scenery in this grand old town. It was highly commendable to the taste and judge-

ment of our fathers that they pitched their tents in this beautiful spot in nature. No lovelier place could they have found, no scenery more inviting. What can transcend, in beauty, this broad interval, stretching along the western boundary of the town, with the rising back-ground terraced with more than the skill of art, reaching to the foot of the hills and mountains that lift themselves grandly in the distance on the East; and Fairlee mountain, rugged and rocky on the West, with the most beautiful of all running rivers rolling gracefully between! A Paradise in Nature!

There stands Mt. Cube, in the easterly portion of the town, a huge Granite pile, just as our fathers saw it a hundred years ago. Every thing around its base is changed. Forests have melted away before the woodman's axe, the ploughman's whistle is heard in the cultivated fields, and the song of the harvest home; but the old bald mountain stands unchanged. I used to climb that mountain once a year, and drink in ineffable delight from the surrounding scenery. When the rough winds blew, on that highest mountain peak "I've laid me flat along," and as "gust followed gust more furiously, threatening to sweep me o'er the brink," lost in wonder and admiration, have felt the truth of the words of the familiar couplet:

> "The land torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
> But bound me to my native mountain more."

And there stands, nearer the central part of the town, Sunday mountain, of traditionary interest to me, because of an old legend that was told me in childhood. My mother told me the story when she wished to convince me of the importance of going to meeting every Sunday.

The legend was something like the following: A man, on Sunday, instead of attending church, as all good people were expected to do, wandered away in the woods, and finally lost himself upon the mountain, where the bears

caught him, and tore him in pieces,—a solemn warning against all Sunday roving, and in favor of church going on the Lord's day! From that circumstance the mountain received its name, and was ever after called *Sunday Mountain.*

I have been thinking, Mr. President, that if, in these latter days, all who do not attend church on Sunday should be caught by the bears, the great query might be, *where in the wide world could bears enough be found to catch all the delinquent people!*

In the northerly portion of the town another mountain looks down upon us as of old. We called it "Grave-stone Mountain." This name was applied to it because of the large quantities of stone from which grave-stones were made, which was taken from its side. I remember well, when, as the evening shadows fell upon that mountain, and gathered around the dark cavern in its side, I imagined that was the abode of the "Evil One," and that his majesty sometimes sallied forth to take a survey of his surroundings, and especially to note the localities of the many grave-stones that were taken from under his ever watchful eye. It was a perplexing question with me, upon how many of those tomb-stones that marked the resting places of the dead, could he write—"This one belongs to me?" But those youthful fancies long since passed away. Other and maturer thoughts and views have taken their places.

Then there is Fairlee mountain on the west, as bold and abrupt as when nature gave it birth, not a hundred years, but countless centuries ago. I remember when I thought that mountain was the most rugged and bold and lofty of any in the world, and that Connecticut river was the largest river in the world. They seemed so to my young and inexperienced vision. That river, if not the largest, is certainly as beautiful as any that flows on to the sea.

But time will not allow me to say more of what nature has done for this place of our birth; this chosen spot of our fathers' a century ago, and where they lived and died. How much the sublime and grand scenery of our town had to do in forming the character of her children, we will not pretend to say. But we all know that mountain scenery tends to develop and strengthen the manly virtues of the people. Manly strength and nerve, unyielding integrity and the stern virtues are usually found and nourished amid nature's sublime and rugged forms.

We have an illustration of this truth here to-day; here is one who has displayed the virtues of patriotism and courage in an eminent degree; one whom bullets could not kill, else he would have been killed several times during the late war; one who has faced danger and looked death in the face, unmoved, at his country's call. I allude to Gen. Marston, the President of the Day. He was born and reared under the shadows of Mt. Cube, and how much of the granite in his character was derived from that old mountain he himself cannot tell.

What this splendid scenery has done in giving form and comeliness to the sons and daughters, especially the daughters, of this town I will not attempt to say. But it is proverbial that beauty is communicative. Nature stamps her beauty on all around.

Perhaps I can indicate my meaning. Coming up in the cars yesterday, a stranger from the West accosted me with the remark of inquiry—"What is going on at Orford, for I find that nearly all the passengers aboard are thither bound?" I replied—"To-morrow is the Centennial day and the people are going home to celebrate the anniversary." He continued—"Orford—Orford, what sort of a place is Orford?" "One of the most beautiful towns upon which the sun ever shone in any land," was my reply. "I might have inferred that," said he, "judging

from the looks of the ladies!" I commended both his discrimination and judgment. "But what of the men?" said I, pointing to the Hon. Mr. Wheeler, now of New York, remarking that he was a fair specimen of our side of the house. "Then I can say no less of them than I said of the ladies," he added. I was altogether satisfied, and not a little gratified with this stranger and his remarks.

Mr. President—a most beautiful picture was painted, and framed, and hung up in one of the chambers of memory when I was a boy, that I have carried with me in all my wanderings since, and have nowhere found its equal. That picture embodies the mountains and hills, the meadows, lakes, and rivers; in short, the entire natural scenery that gives such surpassing beauty to this home of our birth, making it one of the most attractive spots on earth. I have sometimes thought, that, if our first parents could have been placed here, instead of in the old "Garden of Eden," no temptation could have led them into transgression on pain and penalty of ejection from such a Paradise.

The words of the poet, with a little variation, come, with such aptness and force, to my mind, that I must repeat them. Born in this goodly town,—

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native town!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
> As home his footsteps he hath turned
> From wandering on some distant strand?"

"If such there be, go mark him well"—but do not write his eulogy, for he deserves no eulogy. Let his very name be forgotten forever from among the sons and daughters of Orford.

I expect to see no hills and mountains so charmingly beautiful as these until I behold the ever lasting hills rising

from the ever green plains, trod by the shining feet
angels, beyond the River.

I expect to see no river like that along which I so ofte
strayed in childhood, and bathed in its limpid waters, unt
I behold the "River of Life," with its banks of unfadin
flowers, glistening amid immortal fields.

I have ever cherished the pleasing anticipation, and hav
not relinquished it yet, that when the battle of life sha
have been fought and its work done, and the evening
retirement shall have come—the evening of reflection an
repose; I shall return here at last, that the same scen
may fade upon my dying eyes, that so delighted me, an
enkindled the enthusiasm of my youth.

I close with the following sentiment:

Our native town—Beautiful for situation—our joy an
our pride this day;—let her children multiply, and m
prosperity attend them wherever they may go.

The next sentiment announced was:

"Our Fathers. He who regards not the memory a
character of his ancesters, deserves to be forgotten
posterity."

John T. Dame, Esq., of Clinton, Mass., was called up
and responded as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: The noble se
timent to which your kindness has invited me to respon
requires no illustration at my hands. The duty of fili
respect and reverence is universally acknowledged, it
co-existant with humanity, it was enjoined in that ear
code promulgated amid the thunder and lightnings
Sinai, by the Creator himself, and length of days was t
promised reward of a due observance of its precep
The lapse of centuries and the progress of the race
civilization and refinement, have not impaired the oblig
tions of this Statute; it still remains unrepealed, in all

riginal force and power, and we who enjoy the full neridian of the latter part of the nineteeth century, owe ur tribute of respect and reverence to the memory of our thers, as such, not less than those early inhabitants living n the dawn of the Mosaic dispensation. If this duty was o imperatively enjoined and so rigidly enforced in the ase of that stiff-necked and rebellious people, the old ews, how great are our obligations in this respect, who ave such a noble ancestry, and possess as our patrimony, neir free gift, the noblest country, the freest institutions, nd the best government to be found upon the broad arth.

Our fathers were a noble race of men; in them were nited all the substantial virtues requisite to the establishnent of a powerful, prosperous and enlightened nation. hey laid their foundations broad, deep, and firm; their naterials were solid, substantial and enduring; and their orkmanship was thorough, finished, and complete. ence the corroding hand of time finds no blemish in the oble edifice erected by them; it still survives, firm and eadfast, amid the fiercest storms and tempests the world as ever known. The private life of our fathers was a no ss speaking illustration of their many excellencies and rtues. While they practised that industry and economy dispensable to the condition of all pioneer settlers in a w country, they added a wise forecast and persevering termination which almost invariably ensured a generous mpetency. They tempered stern Puritanism with a berality, tolerant of the opinions of others, and a life of nowledge and generous culture which placed the schoolouse, college and church side by side. With such an ncestry, who by such labors and sacrifices have left us so ch a legacy, it is specially incumbent upon us, their escendants, to honor their memories.

It is for this purpose, I presume, that our mother Orford

has summoned home all her absent children, to unite with those remaining upon the old Homestead, in celebrating this, her first centennial anniversary. The primary object of this large gathering of the sons and daughters of Orford, I suppose to be, to pass in review some of the more prominent events in her history which have transpired during the cycle which has passed, and thus to increase and deepen our feelings of respect and reverence for the memories of our ancestors, the actors in those scenes.

The historical address has given so full and elaborate an account of the earliest settlers, and of the more prominent events in the history of the town, that I shall confine myself during the short time allotted to me to matters and reminiscences which relate more particularly to my own immediate ancestors. The first of my ancestors who made Orford their home, were about five years subsequent to Mr. Mann. A few settlers had preceded them; a very slight impression only had been made upon the howling wilderness, and their journey up was directed by marked trees, the females on horseback and the males on foot. Their capital stock consisted of strong bodies, a resolute will, sound principles, good common sense and a readiness to adapt themselves to any employment or circumstances which the occasion demanded.

In their case, as in that of all others where such capital has been relied on, failure was impossible, and a respectable position in society and a pecuniary competency was secured. They were ardent patriots in the times of the revolution, and embarked heartily in the service of their beloved country. The call of that country found my grandfather at church on the Sabbath, whither he had gone with his wife and child, on horseback. He at once responded to the call and set out on his long and toilsome march to join the expedition under Montgomery against

Quebec, leaving wife, child and horse to get home as they could, and that home to take care of itself. He also participated in most of the military operations at the north during the war. He was the mason, brick-maker, and shoe-maker for his portion of the town, as well as an extensive farmer, for a great number of years, and was equally successful in all avocations.

My father was a practicing physician here for nearly twenty years, and it was his lot to be in practice during the prevalence of that fatal epidemic, the spotted fever, mentioned in the historical address. As was there stated, in the early stages of this epidemic, every case attended by him as well as by other physicians, terminated fatally, and a general feeling of alarm every where prevailed. At length my grandmother was struck down with the terrible malady, the prescribed course of treatment was adopted and with the same effect. The most eminent counsel was called, but he was no wiser than his less noted professional brother; his skill was equally at fault, when my father says, "the patient is my mother and she must die under the present course of treatment. I shall therefore take the responsibility of resorting to such remedies as my judgement tells me may be beneficial in the case, although I have no medical authority for such practice." The experiment was made and with complete success. My grandmother recovered, as well as the deacons spoken of by Mr. Mann, also patients of his, and every other person to whom he was called during the prevalence of the disease. Whether the remedies which my father was led to adopt on this occasion had any connection with the observance of the day of fasting and prayer, I shall not pretend to determine, but they were nearly concurrent in point of time. It is a little remarkable that the address, after giving an account of this terrible epidemic and its wonderful suspension immediately after the observance of the

day of fasting and prayer, should fail to make any mention of the successful efforts of my father in the treatment of the disease. I claim for him the honor of the discovery and successful application of the remedy by which the ravages of this frightful malady were stayed, and many valuable lives saved to themselves and the community.

Many other incidents and reminiscences of my own ancestors, as well as other early settlers not referred to in the address, and equally worthy of remembrance on this occasion, might be related, but I forbear, and will close with the following sentiment:

The early settlers of Orford. While we venerate their memories, let us emulate their virtues.

The next sentiment in order was:

"The town of Orford; patriotic and steadfast, so may it ever continue."

Eloquently responded to by Rev. Charles B. Dana, of Port Gibson, Mississippi.

"The Common Schools of Orford; may they ever be such as to encircle her name with a halo of Glory."

Very appropriately responded to by Mr. A. B. Palmer, of Orford.

"Our Sabbath Schools; moulding the plastic minds of our youth, so that by divine aid they may become vassels of honor in the christian church."

Responded to by Rev. M. T. Runnells.

"New England in her relations to other parts of this country, and Foreign countries."

It was expected that Rev. D. C. Blood, of Masselon, Ohio, would respond to this sentiment, but he was prevented by unforseen circumstances from being present.

"The Common School system as exemplified in our excellent schools. The watch-tower of our liberties; let that be flourishing and our country is safe."

Responded to by E. P. Wheeler, Esq., of New York, as follows:

It was no small honor, Mr. President, that was shown to many of us, who are neither natives nor residents of Orford, when we were invited to be present on this joyous occasion. For my own part, I can assign no good reason for my having received such an invitation, except that like so many I see around me, I received part of my education in your Academy. I amnot going to indulge in reminiscences of that goodly building—now, I am sorry to say, untenanted. The younger of you remember too well to need any reminder, its first principal, Mr. Stevens, and the warm hearted and enthusiastic Hitchcock, who taught better with stammering lips, than most men can with unimpeded tongue. And even the older have not, I am sure, forgotten the Academy boys. I trust it is not only our mischief that they remember.

We are not in a critical mood to-day. And yet I cannot help adverting to the expression we have heard from so many—"Old Orford." Your toasts speak of "Old Orford;" your speakers unite to call this beautiful village "old." In the cathedrals of England, the sexton, who with glib tongue shows you through the long drawn aisles, and amid the monuments and altar-tombs of the departed; and who waits at the door for the inevitable shilling when you have completed your visit, would say in one part of the building—"This is old; this was built in the time of King John or King Edward." And in another part, for those massive structures have grown century after century, like the pines of your own forest,—"This is quite new; this was built but two hundred or three hundred years ago." And so I say on this first centennial anniversary—*Young* Orford. "That which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away." But a better fate is, I trust, in store for you. You are yet in the vigor of youth. No

man respects the past more than I; it is the chief usefulness of such celebrations as this, that they bind the past and the present together, and temper our haste and ardor with the stability of history. But am I rash in saying that the young men, to whom, under God, the welfare of our country for the next thirty years is entrusted, are as active, as vigorous, as trusty, as their sires who cut down the forests of this valley and built these fair cottages, these schools, these spires pointing heavenward? And sure I am that no one who looks about him will assert that the women of to-day are not as lovely, as faithful and as true as their grandmothers of a century ago. Therefore I say it again, it is *Young* Orford that I love and cherish—young still, though some of her sons have grown old, and some departed to the country of eternal youth.

You have well spoken of Common Schools as the lighthouse which is to illumine our track over the ocean of the future. In most other countries authority has been grasped by the few. They have feared the people and striven sedulously to keep power from them. Our fathers thought more wisely. They felt that not only property but persons should be protected; that every man, however humble, had an interest in the welfare of the state, and should have a share in its guidance; and they established a popular government. But they saw as clearly, that this must be based on intelligence and virtue among the people; that ignorance would lead to vice, and would plunge itself and the commonwealth headlong into destruction, and they established a new system. Other countries have educated the rich, the powerful, the talented. Universities have been founded elsewhere, and within their walls eminent scholars and great statesmen have been reared. But the founders of our government deserve the immortal honor of having first provided for the education of all. Common schools—free schools—where the poor-

est may learn, are the characteristic features of American institutions.

And more than this, better than this, those great men—for with and in their simplicity they were truly great—knew well, what we are in danger of forgetting, that man doth not live by bread alone; that he needs more than a merely intellectual culture. They appreciated human weakness too truly to build the fabric of free government on a merely human foundation. They saw that all that is lasting here, must be firmly bound to the unseen and eternal. And they provided for the moral and religious education of the young in their schools, in their colleges and in their churches. Honor, eternal honor, to their memories.

If true to them and to the principles they loved, we stop not where they stopped, but in their own manly and vigorous way develop and complete the work they begun; we shall rear on the broad and solid foundations they laid for us, a glorious structure, whose pinnacles shall reach to heaven, whose beauty shall be the admiration of the world,—a refuge for the oppressed of every clime,—the home of religion, of law, of constitutional liberty.

Mr. Wheeler closed by reading the following poem, written by Miss Fanny W. Hall, of Louisville, Kentucky:

A hundred years ago, and where we stand,
Gazing to-day on scene so passing fair,
Primeval forests rose on either hand—
The Indians' haunt, or deadly panthers' lair.

The bright blue river calmly swept along,
In silent beauty to the sounding sea;
And birds poured forth their morn and evening song,
With none to listen to their melody.

What potent spell hath wrought this wondrous change?
Where the rude wigwam of the Indian stood,
'Mid scenery savage, desolate and strange,
Now rise fair temples, consecrate to God.

Their tapering spires point upward to the sky,
Guiding the thoughts of those who worship there
To him, the Holy One, who dwells on high,
Yet makes our lowly earth his constant care.

Those quiet rural homes! how fair they stand
In clustering beauty round the "village green";
Vain were the search, on distant foreign strand,
To find a lovelier, more enchanting scene.

Fond memory brings me back to other days—
I see the forms of friends, beloved and true;
While in their earnest, tender eyes I gaze,
How vividly the past comes up to view!

I see an ancient, venerable man,
The shepherd of his flock; with loving care
He led them where the "living waters" ran,
And bore them on his heart in faith and prayer.

Just out of sight, hap'ly not far away,
His spirit joins us at this festal hour,
Mingling his sympathies with ours to-day,
Breathing unseen, an influence of power.

Another form appears, erect and tall,
Genial and kindly; round his social hearth
Oft gathered, as at joyous festival,
Kindred and friends who meet no more on earth.

Where are they now, that happy youthful band?
Some still survive and joy to meet us here;
Others are dwellers in the "better land,"
Far, far above our dim terrestrial sphere.

That gentle matron, who with such sweet grace
Moved noiselessly along her path of love;
Methinks I see her now, with beaming face,
Looking from out her glad bright home above.

Oh, blessed memories! how ye recall
The time when life was young; nor grief, nor care,
Had thrown its shadows o'er us like a pall,
But the whole earth was beautiful and fair.

* * * * * * *

Another generation treads the stage,
The worthy sons of sires whose race is run;
Long may they live to benefit their age,
And dying leave their life-work nobly done.

The fierce convulsion that hath shook our land
From centre to circumference, did ye pale
Before its terrors? or with strong right hand
Go forth to battle, from your quiet vale?

"Within these peaceful shades no cannon's roar
"Awake the echoes of the hills; the strife
"Of battle hath not stirred our quiet shore,
"Yet have we given many a precious life,

"In that stern struggle for the truth and right;
"We too have had our martyrs." Oh! ye brave
And noble, who have fallen in the fight
For freedom, is not yours an honored grave?

Around it shall your children gather as a shrine;
Sweet flowers shall bloom in fragrant beauty there;
Mothers teach lessons fraught with truth divine,
And consecrated with the words of prayer.

And when another century hath passed,
Sweet village! may thy course still onward be;
And nought thy bright prosperity o'ercast,
Till time is lost in vast eternity.

Hon. D. E. Wheeler, of New York, presented the following resolutions, which were passed unanimously:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I have been requested by a number of the guests who were invited to attend this Centennial, and who are here in honor of that occasion, to present the resolutions I hold in my hand, and by your permission, sir, I will read them, and hope they will be passed unanimously by this large and intelligent audience:

We, the former residents of Orford, received with gratification the invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration of the town, evincing as it did, respect for its founders, a kind recollection of us, and the true and just sentiment of those who still reside in this beautiful town:

Therefore, resolved, that we, in behalf of ourselves and those who are unable to be present, extend our heartfelt thanks to the people of Orford for their invitation, and for the hospitality and generous reception they have given us.

Resolved, that the committee who have had the management of this Centennial, have richly earned for themselves the praises of us all, for the admirable manner in which they have performed their various and arduous duties.

Resolved, that the ladies of Orford have done their full share, as they always do, in making this occasion a joyous one, by their presence and by the elegant and sumptuous feast they have provided, unconsciously showing themselves worthy of being the daughters of their bold and intrepid Fathers and Mothers.

Resolved, that the thanks of this large audience be tendered to Rev. Joel Mann, for his eloquent and beautiful historic Oration, and that he be requested to furnish a copy for publication.

These resolutions speak the sentiments of those, whose agent I am in presenting them, and I believe they express the sentiments of every person who has honored himself

by being here as your guest, and all others present must be sensible of their truth, their appropriateness. I certainly feel that the sentiments here expressed are justly due, and should the interesting features of this day close without their unanimous adoption, those present would not do themselves justice, or those to whom we are all so much indebted.

We have returned to this beautiful town at this time, as your guests, and the greeting we have received is worthy of all praise from us, and worthy of the committees; of the ladies of Orford.

Sir, when we accepted the invitation of your committee to unite with you in closing the first century of Orford's history, and ushering in the morn of its second century, no one of us, I am sure, expected to see, to hear, to know what we have all seen, heard and known. We knew we should be made welcome, that we should meet fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, but we did not know, and could not know, that the scenes of to-day would be so full of all that is good. Most of us left Orford in early life, and each with an individual purpose, and during that absence we have severally passed the incidents of life as they have been meted out to us by the Ruler of us all. We have returned, at a common call, to take part in this day's celebration. In our various wanderings we have found no place like this. Its foundation, its early history, have been given us by the reverend gentlemen who delivered the centennial. Well may we all be proud of this foundation, this history. Its founder was a *Mann* of education, of integrity, of indomitable energy, and his perseverence knew no wavering. His personal history completes the life of a good and brave man, and that of his wife, that she was a crown to her husband; that of Morey, Simpson, Pratt, Britton, Wilcox, Storey, Sawyer, Marston, Wheeler, Howard, Strong, Tillotson and others that were

worthy followers of him who sought out this spot, where no culture had opened its bosom to the warmth of the sun; no ax laid to the root of the tree for the path of civilzation, and no dwellings for shelter in the storm, and no cattle upon its hills for the comfort and joy of its proprietors. Then desolation only was the companion of nature, and its winds and its storms whistled and edied around the wild mountain, across the river, and nestled among the lofty pines upon its banks, and the dense forests of oak, elm and maple upon the hills. The labor of these men and their comrades, laid bare the plains, and cut the trees from the hills, and opened them to the sun, to man, to civilization.

I well remember in one of my visits here, I met Washington Irving, and who, when looking across the Connecticut upon the bold mountains on the West, the soft undulating surface of the North, the high, swelling hills of the East, and the quiet, distant South, along the valley of the river, said, "in all my travels in this country and in Europe, I have seen no village more beautiful than this. It is a charming place—nature has done her utmost here." Never, to my mind, were these simple words of Irving so eloquent as now. It is indeed a beautiful place. The roads have been moulded into streets—the paths into wide, generous walks—the trees of these men's planting have attained a magnificent growth, and they are now full of autumnal beauty, and yet they were so skilfully planted as not to shade too much by their large, massive, leafy burdens, the streets they were intended to ornament and shade.

More than this: more dear to us than all this, is the spot where the grave yard was made. This has been enlarged, ornamented, cared for and changed from the quiet neglected spot, into a beautiful unpretending cemetery. Here rest the earthly remains of youthful friends, brothers, sisters, fathers and mothers. They have all been tenderly

cared for, while we have been absent. Hallowed place! God bless the living who have made this spot a sweet cheerful place for the rest of those who have here ceased from their labors, having done their work well.

Hearts, living hearts, that have nurtured the thoughts, which led the hands to make and perpetuate all these things, have called us here and greeted us with kindness, and invited us to this beautiful, this inimitable feast. They have spread these tables upon the play ground of our childhood, under this vast canopy of man's make, sufficient to protect thousands from the rays of the sun or the storms of the heavens, and seat all of us within its white and ample folds—with food and luxuries surpassing in variety, in goodness, anything that a city could furnish—unless some Delmonico, or Maison Doree, were called upon to provide. The tables were set and dinner all provided by the Ladies of Orford, they severally bringing to this common board the good things of their several housholds. To them, for such a feast, the thanks of us all are due and tendered. We have come home, some of us after a long wandering, and have personally seen, known much beyond the incidents of this beautiful village. Our efforts and energies have been tasked, and the rewards of these labors have been as various as have been our personal experience; but I think we can all say, that had we remained here, cultivated the best of our natures, and performed all the duties which would have been imposed upon us, that life would have been more happy, and our lot more full of blessings. We have seen more, tasted of more; but it is very doubtful whether we have not lost more than we have gained. It is by no means certain, that the additional fruits we have eaten, have not added to the seriousness, the sadness of life. There are charms of home, innocence of the fireside, which were more or less lost as we left the smoke of the chimnies of our father's house.

For one, I would advise the young men to exert themselves to their utmost for happiness, for improvement, for great culture, at home. Remain here, and gather all the sweets this beautiful field yields to your minds, to your hearts. Life is short, and it is all we can have here. Take its best, and leave out the sorrows, the sadness. Yes, young men of Orford, if you ask me the result of my wanderings—and I have known life's varieties — I would say, stay at home, in the midst of these beauties, these luxuries, in this charming spot. And to the young ladies—if I do not trespass upon forbidden ground, I would say—kindle in your own hearts, and in those of the young gentlemen around you, a love of home, a passion for these fields, these hills, these mountains, and these rivers and cooling streams. None are more healthful, none more pure, none more delightful, for the lovers of man—the lovers of God. Be satisfied with your present surroundings. You may be told of distant advantages, distant cities, distant homes ; but be satisfied.

Let me call your attention to the resolutions I have read, and, Mr. President, allow me again to read them. We, who have come here to-day, feel that they should be passed—passed unanimously. They are a faint utterance of our hearts. We ask you all to again hear them, to approve them, and join us in passing them, and if you will allow me, Mr. President, I will read them, and put the question on their adoption myself.

The resolutions were then read by Mr Wheeler, and the question was put on their adoption, and they were unanimously adopted in the midst of roars of approbation.

Henry H. Howard, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, responded as follows :

Mr. President : As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, perhaps I should say something in response to one of the resolutions just passed. I hardly know

whether to thank those who voted for it, or my good friend who so adroitly shoved it through by attaching it to one in favor of the ladies, which no one who has not a gizzard instead of a soul, would vote against. It looks very much as though he thought the thing a failure, and has taken this course to save the feelings of an old friend. I can but thank him for coming to the rescue. Perhaps he may be excused, as we were boyhood friends, and "there are no friends like old friends." He went out from among us many years since to seek fame and fortune for himself, and I though, as his colossal form stood before us, that if his intellectual had kept pace with his physical formation, he must have a very capacious mind, which none will doubt who have listened to his eloquent and appropriate remarks. And you will agree with me that he is one of the big men of the Empire City.

Excuse me if I speak of another boyhood friend by my side, Rev. Charles P. Dana, of Mississippi, who has been a resident of the South for many years. We are glad to greet him to-day, and to know that he has not seceded from his birth place, and is loyal to old Orford. He is a *fac similie* of his father, good parson Dana of blessed memory. Methinks I see him with his commanding presence and his rich, bass voice, standing in that high pulpit, with the big sounding board over head; the audience seated below in those box pews with seats hung with hinges, and when the amen was said, came down with a clatter which reminded one of a nail factory. And the old horse-block, at the door outside, was as much a fixture as the pulpit, riding being done mostly on horse-back, the lady on the pillion behind, with her arm around the gentleman. Such proceeding these days would make a bachelor's heart palpitate. Boys then had some bumps of reverence, and took off their hats to the minister, and honored their parents occasionally. I am sorry to say there are but few boys in

these days. Before they have hardly arrived at the pin-feather age, they are Young America, and call their fathers the "old man." By a singular coincidence, there are four of us here, side by side, who were boys together, within a stone's throw of this spot, considerably more than a half century since. Here in life's bright morning, we joined in the sports and pastimes of youth; climbed these grand old hills; swam the beautitul Connecticut; hunted the squirrels and partridges, and trapped the woodchuck.— I want to ask the boys if they recollect "Uncle Abel," that genial old gentleman who used to tend the Falls gate at the bridge? how we used to trot across it in the evening, and make the old gentlemen open the big gate, thinking a team was coming, and ought to have had our ears pulled for our impudence? how he used to pay us ninepence a day to turn his wheel to twist ropes? bought our woodchuck skins at ninepence for black ones, and fourpence half-penny for grey ones?

This boy, Charles, said to me one day, "Harry, there is a woodchuck's hole under a stump at the corner of the burrying yard—I saw the woodchuck go in." I went to the place, and set my trap—putting a tall weed in the chain, so I could tell whether it had sprung without going to it. Passing up the road the next day, I saw the weed was down, and scrambling up the hill, found the trap drawn in, began pulling it out. Something black appeared.— Said I, there is a black woodchuck, and a ninepence.— Another pull, and something white came to view, and a perfume which put Lubin's extract and balm of a thousand flowers, entirely in the shade. I left, but the perfume followed.

Some may think I compromise my manhood by these boyish reminiscences. We are all young to-day, and have come up here to live over in imagination, the loves, hopes and fears of childhood and youth; to call to mind dear old

home scenes, when gathered around the family hearth-stone, we shared the affection of dear brothers and sisters, the care and blessing of a father, and the outgushing, unfaltering love of a mother, who found excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. We may be pardoned if we are a little jubilant to-day. I must say that I feel good all over, and if my arms were as long as my fraternal feelings are ardent, I would embrace this whole family—ladies and all, provided they did not object, and these husbands and brothers were willing. How glorious this interview! The sunny South, the mighty West—the East and the North, are represented here, by returning sons and daughters.—Gladly do we welcome them, and here to-day, on this fraternal altar, we lose all sectional, political and personal differences. How sweet the incense! May this re-union make our charity more diffusive, and bind us firmer in fraternal bonds.

The shadows are lengthening, and our long to be remembered Centennial day will soon close, and we shall part, never all to meet again on earth, as one by one we cross the dark river, as our fathers have done before us.—May we leave as glorious and untarnished a record as have those whose memory we have met this day to commemorate.

Begging you will excuse these rambling remarks, I wish to say a word about the resolutions. I believe the vote was a true expression of the feelings of those present. I can only say, that if the efforts of the committee meet the approbation of our fellow-townsmen, and has given pleasure to our numerous friends present, our highest ambition is gratified. But it is not by what we have done that success has been attained; but by the efforts and encouragement of the liberal, enterprising and energetic citizens of Orford. I would not neglect to say in this connection, that the committee are under great obligations to Rev. M. P.

Runnels, for valuable suggestions and untiring assistance from the conception of this enterprise to its culmination in this centennial gathering. But above all, and more than all, are we under obligation to the ladies; but I need not speak for them—they speak for themselves in these artistic and beautifully arranged tables, so gratifying to the eye, and so sumptuously furnished.

They have done honor to themselves, and to the town. God bless them, for they are always first and foremost in every good word and work, and when we have their approbation and co-operation, we are always sure the enterprise in hand will be successfully accomplished.

Now, Mr. President, I propose three cheers for the ladies —none of your little clapping of hands concern, but those which come from the very bottom of the heart, and none will be excused but those who have never had a sister or a mother.

The President then called for three cheers for the ladies, which were given with a will.

Three cheers were then proposed for Mr. Howard, which were given, the ladies joining *heartily*.

It was here announced that Mr. Howard declined serving on the committee at the next Centennial celebration. It was also suggested that the probable reason of his declination was, that he expected to get married before that time, and might be busily engaged in the cares and duties of a young and growing family.

VOLUNTEER SENTIMENTS.

By Rev. B. M. Tillotson—"*To the Children at Home.*—Wanderers from our father's house, we come back to-day to extend to you our heartiest greetings, and while we ask not rings for our fingers, nor shoes for our feet, we are exceedingly happy to partake of the fatted calf which we are quite sure has been killed for this occasion."

"*The early settlers of Orford.*—May the fabric of their ambition and valor ever be preserved sacred in the memory of their sons and daughters."

"*The American Flag.*—A century ago not thought of; four-fifths of a century ago disputed and derided as a piece of striped bunting; four years ago trailed in the dust by the traitor's hand; now waving triumphantly and gloriously over thirty-six free states at home, and invoked as a barrier against oppression and tyranny abroad."

"*Our brave citizen Soldiers.*—We welcome you home from the fields of victory to the blessings of peace."

"*Woman.*—Forming the mind and character of youth, smoothing the asperity of manhood and soothing the infirmity of age; her intellectual and moral culture is the best guarantee for the welfare and happiness of ourselves and those who come after us."

By Rev. B. M. Tillotson—"*Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers, of the Past and the Present;*—while we hold in fond affection the memory of the *dead*, let our hearty good wishes and most fervent prayers ascend for the welfare of the living."

The President now called A. S. Wheeler, Esq., of Boston, to the Chair, who made brief and appropriate remarks.

Toast—"*The Old Gentleman in specs.*"

RESPONSE.

1

What thrilling memories of the past
That once familiar name evokes!
Of friends whose love through life shall last,
Their greetings warm, their hearty jokes!

2

I hear the music of the "Band,"
Which charmed the listening throng around;

Or, packed in horse cart, four-in-hand,
I see them on excursion bound;

3

O'er the wheels swaying, to and fro,
Piled on the top in careless heaps,
While recklessly our driver Joe
Plunged on the gallop down the steeps.

4

Arises to the fancy's sight
Our leader's form, august and fat,
While towers to a loftier height,
Our tall but modest "first B flat."

5

Return the Bass Horn's ready jest;
The corn-field hunt for shy raccoon;
The suppers rare, enjoyed with zest,
Where Charlie bade us "pitch the tune."

6

Still further back my memory strives,
Where earlier, younger scenes arise;
The school-house, where our boyish knives
Carved, in our desks, the traps for flies;

7

Where clustering curls, and beaming eyes,
Still drew our truant thoughts to those
Who since assume the matron's guise,
Or 'neath the turf in peace repose;

8

The old store door, and butternut tree,
From which we crossed the old "wolf's" den,
And all the boys combined in glee
To catch "Blind Stag" or bigger "Ben";

9

The church, where o'er the preacher's head
The threatening "sounding-board" on high
Warned him, like Damocles, to dread
Swift vengence, should he dare to lie ;

10

The spell-match, where some winter's day,
Joe Hancock, and one near his age,
Would spell down all the school's array,
And long these two contest the stage.

11

Ah! now, though forest, lake and hill
Forbid his hand in mine to clasp,
'T would wake the old, the joyous thrill
To meet his once familiar grasp.

12

There, in the village store, a youth,
Where customers were few or far,
Would slily feed his dainty tooth
With sweeties from the candy jar.

13

The full molasses hogshead, whose
Slow running more than once betrayed
The clerk to leave it, over shoes
Upon the floor a deluge made.

14

Old Mount Moriah's rocky crest
We oftimes would panting climb,
And view the lovely scene at rest,
The peaceful stream, the hills sublime.

15

The memory fondly lingers still
Where thoughtless boyhood roved and played ;

While sunshine bathed each wood and hill,
And sweetly wooed the forest shade.

16

Old scenes! old friends! at your recall
My heart is full, my eyes run o'er!
May happiness rest with you all,
As in the past, till time's no more!

LETTERS.

Then were numerous letters read, which had been received by the committee from those unable to be present.

BOSTON, July 26, 1865.

Henry H. Howard, Esq.—Dear Sir:—I received your kind invitation to be present at the approaching Centennial Festival in my native town, and should enjoy the occasion very much; but, unfortunately, I find myself unable to be present at the time. I have, however, prepared a versified response to a Toast, supposed to be offered in my remembrance; and I ask of you the personal favor to read it yourself on the occasion. What little merit it may have, will be dependent, mainly, upon its being read well. I do not know of any one who will do it justice, except yourself. Some of the reminiscences may awake a smile, and some of them are saddening, even to tears. Of the ludicrous recollections, the one which dwells most strongly in my memory, is that of the spilt molasses. That really *sticks*.

With deep and hearty feelings of affection for my native town and townsmen,

I am, very truly, yours,

WILLIAM ROGERS.

LANCASTER, N. H., Sept. 4, 1865.

Henry H. Howard, Esq., Chairman Committee of Arrangements Orford Centennial Celebration:

MY DEAR SIR: From the announcement of your intended celebration, I have fully intended to be with you on that occasion, and it is with no ordinary feeling of regret that I am compelled, at this late day, to abandon my cherished purpose. Business engagements, and circumstances over which I have no control, entirely preclude the possibility of my attendance.

I shall, however, be with you in spirit as you observe your happy anniversary, and it will afford me much pleasure to learn, as I make no doubt I shall, that it has occurred to the entire satisfaction of the glad concourse of friends who will have aided in its celebration.

How many and startling events have crowded the world's history since the pioneer first camped upon the rich meadows of my ancestral town! How gratifying now the thought, that as you assemble on its hundredth civic birthday, you do so in a land free in every sense, and rising to its true position of practical usefulness among the nations of the Earth. We may well mingle, on this occasion, our vows of patriotism, and devotion to the country's defenders, and our thanksgiving to that God who has preserved us, with our memories of those ancestors whose pure example, let us hope, we have neither forgotten or disgraced.

With the warmest regard for the old home of my maternal ancestors and hearty wishes for its prosperity with that of its enterprising and excellent citizens, and with renewed regrets at the circumstances which deprive me of the anticipated pleasure of mingling with you, let me lay upon your board the following sentiment:

Orford and its Citizens. Nestling in the verdurous lap of our beautiful river, the town is a fitting nursery of pat-

riotism, culture and prosperity. May its ripe old age be honored by the fame of its children, and may generations yet unborn, imitate the sturdy and God-fearing integrity of those, who set and nurtured this gem in the northern wilderness, to blossom in after time, a rose of beauty and of plenty. With very kind regards, I am,

Your obedient servant,

HENRY O. KENT.

CHELMSFORD, MASS., May 21, 1865.

Messrs. Howard, Perrin and Marston, Committee:

GENTLEMEN: Returning from a short absence from home, I find upon my desk, yours of the 26th ult., extending to me the honor of an invitation to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Orford, to be held on the 7th of September next.

One of the happiest years of my early ministerial life, I spent preaching in Orford; and received many attentions from friends there, whose kindness is still cherished. I also received my birth and education in its immediate vicinity, and have many reasons for holding its remembrance in kindest regards.

If circumstances will permit at that time, I shall be happy to join with you in the celebration.

Yours truly,

H. W. MORSE.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 30, 1865.

To H. H. Howard, and other members of the Committee:

Your invitation was duly received by me at my home in Michigan. I have tried very hard all summer to make arrangements to be present at the Centennial next week,

and it is only at the last moment that I can really feel that I am not going, and must take this way of communicating with you. I was born in Orford, near the extreme northern boundary of the town; am the son—the youngest son—of Col. James Rogers, who was also born in Orford.—His father was Nathaniel Rogers, formerly of Leominster, Mass.; but a resident of Orford as early as 1770. I think my great-grandfather, also, lived for a time, in Orford.—With an ancestry identified with the town in its infancy, and youth and manhood, I may well be proud of old Orford. I admire the beautiful streets, and the grand old mountains, and love to revisit such scenes. If there is any history of the town published, I should like a copy.—N. R. Sargent, my cousin, will see that it is forwarded to me. Wishing you a pleasant centennial,

I am, very sincerely, your townsman,

SAMUEL J. ROGERS.

CHARLESTOWN, May 12, 1865.

Messrs. Howard, Marston and Perrin, Committee:

GENTLEMEN: Your note containing an invitation to be present at the Centennial Celebration of the settlement of the town of Orford, was duly received. Be assured, gentlemen, it would give me great pleasure to be present on the occasion, but business, I fear, will not allow me that gratification. Though not a native of your town, I have known her people but to honor and esteem them, and know that she has native sons that are and have been an honor, not only to herself, but to the country, in the different professions and walks of life. Believe me,

Yours with respect,

JOS. B. MORSE.

ELIZABETH, September 5, 1865.

Henry H. Howard, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 24th of July, desiring my attendance upon the Centennial Celebration to be held at Orford, on the 7th inst., was duly received, and should have been immediately answered.

I have, however, taken the liberty to delay this reply, in the anticipation that, by some possibility, I might be able to accept your polite invitation, and comply with your request. But I now find myself reluctantly obliged to forego that pleasure, and hasten, in consequence, to say that, although I have not "bought a farm," nor "a yoke of oxen," nor even "married a wife," (though I expect one home to-day), I cannot consistently, with engagements here, meet with you upon the occasion named.

Under other circumstances, it would have given me great satisfaction to meet with old acquaintances still upon the stage; to recall the associations of others who have passed away, and to revive the memories of those, who, long years ago, laid deep and firm the foundations of the social fabric of our native village and town.

A hundred years! How short, and yet what mighty changes are in the space! In the future, who can tell what a century will produce? Many a child seen in your streets will see our people (the nation) numbered by a hundred million. And when the time shall have been carried forward the full period of another century, who shall tell their increase? Who the developement of the country, its institutions, its resources—agricultural, mechanical and mineral, its polity, its laws, its education and its religion?

The men of the future, like those of the present and the past, will move rapidly from the theatre of life. Generation after generation, as the cycles of time shall roll on, will celebrate the virtues of those who shall have "gone before," as you now recall the names and the memories of

the great, brave and good men, and women, too, who have made, with their lives, the earlier history of Orford. How, much we call life, hangs upon the remembrance of other days.

I give you, as a not inappropriate conclusion to this hasty note—

The memory of the just—Let it ever be sacred as well as blessed.

With much respect, dear sir, for yourself, and the gentlemen of your committee, and with kind recollections for all, I have to remain,

Respectfully and very truly yours, &c.,

THOMAS B. MANN.

To the friends gathered at the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of Old Orford, greeting:

The invitation to be present at your Anniversary, made through your committee, was duly received. It transferred me at once to the associations of early life—to my mountain home, its surroundings, its joys, its sorrows, its labors and its trials. The brooks and mills and trout haunts; the orchard, the haying and the blueberry pickings; the storms, the drift, and the sliding places—these and the experience connected, are as clearly in memory, after an absence of nearly thirty years, as though they were the experience and observation of yesterday. The old school house, with all *its* experiences, in doors and out; the familiar faces—so many gone forever; the churches, the old Methodist, with its four-sided roof and wood color so thoroughly browned; the old back meeting house—a very castle, and, as I remember, without underpinning; the meeting house on the river road, down the rod of which came the lightning, tearing up the ground, on a time, and the

galleries around those huge structures where wild boys played truant; and then priest Dana, with his fine bass voice, always pronouncing near the close of his prayer the words "triune God;" and priest Farnsworth, a little corpulent, social and kindly—one of the trio, with Capt. Wheeler at their head, who visited the school (dread trio); and the new brick meeting house by the brook, now grown old, I remember them all, and much that was connected with them, and should feel it the happiest day of my life, if I could be with you on your anniversary occasion.

I can be so only in spirit, and with these few words of cheer and congratulation.

And in representing the tribe of Aaron, the son of one of the first settlers of your town, and those of our friends here who are not otherwise represented, I can say—we feel proud of our ancestral home—of its institutions—of its thrift, and, especially, of its age.

We congratulate you on your "Plymouth Rock;" we congratulate you on your puritan principles; we congratulate you that your institutions have a firmer foundation than granite, and that they will be as enduring as the existence of the race. We congratulate you on the honor to you and to the institutions you foster, resulting from the fidelity to principle of those who have gone out from you, and that you are permitted to celebrate your hundredth birthday with your soldiers, so many of them returned; the Union restored; popular government vindicated, and peace and plenty so generally enjoyed. Accept the assurance that our family is loyal to you, to puritanism and to the Union.

We have been represented in the army, by ten of our number—eight on service of three years each. One has been sacrificed on the altar of his country; two have scars they will carry through life. Accept the assurance that New England principles have been planted at the

West—that they are exerting a controlling influence, and that they will in all coming time, and that the West will strike hands with you in maintaining the integrity and promoting the welfare of our common country.

Accept our earnest wish that your prosperity may continue; that your honor may never be tarnished, and that your glory may never depart.

Yours, fraternally,

WM. R. MANN.

Earlville, Lasalle Co., Ill., Aug. 29, 1865.

ROXBURY, April 10th, 1865.

Messrs. Howard, Perrin and Marston:

GENTLEMEN: It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 23d ultimo, inviting me to be present at the one hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of your beautiful town, on the 7th of September next. It would give me true pleasure to meet the acquaintances of my school-boy days, and recall the many pleasant scenes and times then enjoyed. But as I think of them, a sudden sadness comes over me, as I reflect that two of my most intimate and longest continued friendships have long since been severed by death. I refer to the death of my very early friends, James P. Howard and Lewis Mann. Their sterling qualities attached me to them as warm friends, ever after our acquaintance till their decease. I should greet their friends cordially now as my friends, were I at your celebration, and if it is consistent with my engagements and duties at that time, it will afford me high gratification to be present.

I remain, very truly, your ob't serv't,

THEODORE OTIS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5, 1865.

General Gilman Marston, Orford, N. H.:

MY DEAR SIR: I cannot express to you, by letter, how deeply I regret my inability to be present on the occasion of my native town's "Centennial Anniversary."

I had so confidently counted upon being with you, that I have waited till the last moment to tell you of my disappointment.

If opportunity should present, I wish you to say to my fellow town's-people, that if they feel one-half the disappointment which I experience, they have been *very severely punished.*

That prosperity may always be with you, is the sincere and hearty wish of

Your friend and obed't serv't,

S. S. BRITTON.

PRESCOTT, Arizona, July 6, 1865

My dear old friend Howard: I left California early in May last, and arrived at this, the capital of Arizona Territory, on June 19th; and among the first words of hope and friendly cheer to greet me on entering this new, and now the most dangerous section of our broad country, was an invitation from yourself, and from my fondly cherished New England home, to be present at a Centennial Celebration of the settlement of my dear, native Orford.—What sacred memories are thronging upon me! I deem it a duty to acknowledge your kindness, and with the deepest feelings of mingled sadness and heartfelt gratitude, I make the attempt in vain, to send you a fitting expression of my feelings, and of my entire sympathy of soul and being with the motives and object of the grand, the blessed occasion. No earthly event which I can imagine, would

give me such joy, to assist and to share in, as this. But stern duty, or possibly a misguided sense of it, compels me to a cruel self-denial of this great happiness, and, *instead*, to toil yet a while in developing the vast hidden wealth of these western wilds. But no privations, no trials, no allurements, no time or space, can ever crush the bright hope that I may sometime return to New England, and finally pass my last years in blessed rest in my own native home.

With many assurances of love and esteem,

ELIHU M. CORLISS.

P. S. The Apaches are very troublesome in this region, and the mails are uncertain in arriving. Have had no California or eastern news during the last month. But I am in hopes that this will reach you before the celebration, that you may all know that I fully appreciate the kindness and the occasion. Yours, ever,

E. M. CORLISS.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 23, 1865.

GENTLEMEN: Some time since, I received your invitation to attend the "Centennial Celebration" of the town of Orford. I have delayed my answer, hoping that it would be in my power to accept it, and unite with you in the commemoration of such an interesting event. I find that it will not be possible for me to do so. Please, therefore, convey to those who assemble, my sincere regret that I cannot personally participate with them; but that I feel a deep interest in all that relates to the past history and future welfare of "Old Orford." Aside from other considerations, in her ancient burial place, repose the remains of my honored father and elder brother. Although born in Fairlee, my early recollections are associated with Orford and Fairlee alike. Being only thirteen years of age

when we left there, I have a distinct recollection of many events and associates of my childhood, as well as of the then old inhabitants of both places. My mother, a daughter of General Israel Morey, of Orford, was, I have been told, the first white female born in Orford. As there are many of the lineal descendants of General Morey now living there, whose testimony relating to the early history of the vicinity and its inhabitants, can be had, my imperfect reminiscences could add nothing to the interest of the occasion. If it be so, "that history is philosophy teaching by example," what a lesson has been taught us in the last four years. While as a christian people we should acknowledge God in all our ways, in calling to mind what He has done for us in the past, our special thanks are due for the triumph of freedom and the downfall of tyranny and oppression, as the result of our struggle to preserve the life of the nation, so lately in such imminent peril. The camp-fires of hostile armies have been extinguished; but the fire of rebellion still burns in many a rebel heart. "Eternal vigilance" is, therefore, now, as ever, the price at which our liberties are to be preserved.

Thanking you for the remembrance of me, I am,

Very truly, yours,

I. M. BISSELL.

To Messrs. Henry H. Howard, Henry S. Perrin and Arthur Marston, Committee.

A social levee was held at the Academy halls in the evening.

Music by the Band.

The following original Hymn, by Isaac Willard, was sung by the choir:

CENTENNIAL SONG.

BY ISAAC WILLARD.

Tune—"America."

A hundred years ago,
Tradition tells us so,
Here forests stood;
The birds of every flight,
The wolf and bear in might,
The savage as his right
Claimed the whole wood.

The Indian huts we learn,
Where the camp-fires burned,
Were far and near;
Here the war-whoop was sung,
Here the death-knell was rung,
Here the dark maid was won,
All without fear.

A hundred years have fled,
Since the first white man's tread.
How great the change—
The thinned forests stand,
To beautify the land,
For shade on either hand,
In street and lane.

The wolf and bear have gone,
The native fled the lawn,
No vestige left.
Connecticut's six sons,
First settled on this ground,
And labor has been crowned
With rich success.

Churches of which there're three,
Also the Academy,
In beauty shine.
The schoolhouses' busy hive,
Of which seventeen now thrive,
Shops, town-house, dwellings, all
Speak wealth and worth.

A thousand Orford sons,
From city, town, and ville,
To-day we greet.
Come, friends, and with us stand,
To make one festal band,
And hand shall join with hand,
In union sweet.

A hundred years from now,
Both sire and son shall bow
Beneath the ground.
Our childrens' children then,
Will celebrate this day,
And we shall join again,
If faithful found.

APPENDIX.

NOTE TO THE READER.

It was thought that it might contribute largely to the interest and value of this publication, if brief sketches of the early families of Orford and their descendents could be added thereto. Accordingly the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements sent special requests to the different families to furnish their family records, with such additional remarks as might be deemed proper. Many did not respond; some could not, not having the necessary data at hand. After waiting a reasonable length of time, the following were received, and the only regret is that all could not, or did not comply with the wishes of the committee.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

AVERY.

Deacon Simeon Avery was born in Groton, Conn., in 1730.

His wife was Sarah Niles, born in 1734. Came to Orford at an early day, and settled on the place known as the Capt. Pratt place. Was one of the first inn-keepers in town, and kept the first ferry across the Connecticut. He died in 1790; his wife in 1783.

They were parents of Deacon Silas Avery and Jesse Avery, pious, worthy and much respected citizens. Jesse died in 1824; Silas a few years later.

BISSELL.

Col. Edward M. Bissell, son of Simeon B. Bissell, was born in Fairlee, Vt., in 1800. His mother was Martha, daughter of Gen. Israel Morey, and the first female born in Orford. He was the eldest of four brothers, Israel M., who is a merchant and resides in Philadelphia; Simeon B., a Captain in the United States Navy; George W. P., who was, for many years, in command of ships in the merchant service, and subsequently became an extensive banker in San Francisco, Cal., where he died a few years since. Edward M. came to Orford in early life, and was

for many years, prominent in mercantile business. Affable and gentlemanly in deportment, he was universally esteemed. An ardent admirer of the beautiful, to his taste and judgment may be justly attributed much which adorns and beautifies the village.

He was, for a number of years, Representative of the town in the Legislature. He was twice married—first to Elizabeth M., daughter of William Howard, who died January 10th 1845; second to Catherine M., daughter of Hon. A. G. Britton. He died April 16th, 1857.

BLOOD.

Stephen Blood was born in Charlton, Mass., May 3d, 1762; he was the sixteenth, and the youngest in the family. Bethiah Cole was born in Boxford, Mass., June 27, 1764. She, also, was the sixteenth, and youngest of the family. Mr. Blood was married to Miss Cole, January 11, 1784. They became citizens of Orford early in the summer of 1784. There were born unto them fourteen children; of whom three died in early infancy—three others before attaining to majority of years, and three others after having been married and having families. Five out of the fourteen still live—Sylvester and Samuel in Orford, Martha D., in Wisconsin, Sarah D., in California, and Daniel C., in Ohio.

The hardships endured by this family, in common with others, in the early settlement of the town, might easily be wrought into a considerable volume, wherein truth would seem stranger than fiction. They were repeatedly without bread for several days in succession, and twice they lost nearly everything by the burning of their house. But as Orford improved, their circumstances became easier, and

for many years they were strangers to want. The youngest son, Daniel C., was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1828, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1831, and has been a successful minister of the gospel at the West, for more than thirty-four years.

CORLISS.

George Corliss was born in England, about the year 1617, and came to this country in 1639. He is believed to have been the first one of the name who came to this country, and the ancestor of most, if not all, of that name in New England. He married Joanna Davis, October 26, 1645. She came from that part of England called Wales. Theirs was the second marriage in the town of Haverhill, Mass.

In 1640, he settled upon a tract of land in the west part of Haverhill, which has been handed down from father to son to the present time, and is now owned and occupied by Charles Corliss, (of the seventh generation) and is known as "Poplar Lawn." He was an enterprising and industrious man, and well qualified to take a prominent part in the settlement of a new town, and at his death was possessed of a large landed property. He owned most of the land on both sides of the old "Spicket Path," as it was then called, for more than three miles

He died October 19, 1686, leaving an extensive farm, which he divided by will, among his children, giving his home farm, "Poplar Lawn," to his only son, John.

One of his daughters (Mrs. Mary Neff) was taken by the Indians with Mrs. Dustin, and remained with her through the whole captivity. To her he gave the farm where William Swasey now lives, one mile east of "Poplar Lawn."

John, only son of George, born March 4, 1647; married Mary Milford, December 17, 1684.

Jonathan, fourth son of John, born July 16, 1695; married Betsey Moore, March, 1717.

John Moore, twelfth child of Jonathan, had three wives; married for his first wife, Lydia Sanborn, who died in Alexandria, N. H., in 1770, leaving three sons, Elihu, Daniel and John Moore, Jr.

John Moore and his brother, Jonathan, were the first settlers of the town of Alexandria, N. H., and at the time of his first wife's death, were the only men in the town.

They cut a log from a pine tree, and dug it out for a coffin, and buried her in the woods. In 1852, while repairing the roads, her remains were found, and buried by the side of her husband. Her hair was in a good state of preservation, only changed from black to a flax color, though having been buried over eighty years.

John Moore was a man of uncommon physical strength, and was called in his day "a double-jointed man." When young, his hair was black, at eighty it was white; it then began to turn dark, and at the age of ninety-three, (the time of his death) it was black and glossy as a young person's.

Elihu, first son of John Moore, born March 22, 1758. In 1775, he enlisted in a company of volunteers, and marched with all speed for Boston, and met the Americans at Charlestown, as they retreated from Bunker Hill. He married Sarah Gordan, and first settled in Alexandria, and moved to Orford in 1792, and died September 20, 1844, aged 86. They had eleven children, all but one of whom lived to adult age. Alexander was born October 1, 1784; married Abigail Marsh, March 14, 1810. Settled in Orford as a farmer, and died October 20, 1858, aged 74.

John Moore was born March 24, 1786; married Rosa-

mond Dame, November 30, 1809. Settled in Orford, and died August 19, 1850, aged 64. In 1848, he married a second wife, Abigail Eaton, who now lives in Bradford, Vermont. Lydia, the third child, died February 20, 1842, aged 54.

Elihu Jr., was born February 18, 1790; married widow Harriet Clark, (a daughter of James Dayton, Esq., of Orford), December 18, 1823, and died September 28, 1858, aged 68.

Amasa died a young lad. Daniel emigrated to Ohio when a young man, and subsequently settled in the town of Parkman, and married widow Glass, and died in 1855. James, also, went to Ohio, and died there while yet a young man.

Willard married Clarissa Hatch, who died in 1838. He now resides in Newport, N. H., and is the only one of the family now living. Hannah married Sylvester Blood of Orford. Ebenezer married Laura Drake, and died at Lisbon, N. H., December, 1832. Willard is now de

Sarah went to Ohio with her brother, Daniel, in 1836, and married there; but died a few years after.

Of the grandsons of Elihu, there are now living Daniel G. Corliss, Cincinnati, Ohio, John S. Corliss, Orford, N. H., sons of Alexander. Levi D. Corliss, Orford, N. H., John M. Corliss, Troy, N. Y., sons of John M. Elihu M., Arizona Territory, John M., Fairlee, Vermont, sons of Elihu, Jr. Elihu G., Troy, Ohio, son of Daniel; George H., Newport, N. H., son of Willard; James, Thetford, Vermont, son of Ebenezer. Of the great-grandsons, two only, have arrived at manhood—Wilbur F., ~~Cincinnati, Ohio,~~ Charles H., New York, sons of John M., of Troy.

Rosanna Corliss, sister to Levi D. and John M., married Daniel C. Houghton, and died some years ago. Rosamond, another sister, married the late Rev. O. H. Tillotson,

Mrs. Bowles daughter of

and now lives at Northfield, Vermont, with her only son.

Levi D. is a farmer, residing at Orford—a man of strict integrity and great energy of character.

John M. is a successful merchant in Troy, N. Y., where he is much respected.

The Corliss family has long been an influential one in the town of Orford.

CROSS.

Bethuel Cross, a nephew of Daniel Cross, was born in Mansfield, Conn., February 15, 1768. At the age of three years, his parents moved from that place to Wentworth, near the border of Orford. His mother died soon after their arrival, leaving several small children. His father, feeling disheartened, was induced through the entreaties of Capt. Post and wife, of Orford, to give Bethuel to them, as their child—they having no children. At the age of four years, accompanied by a little sister a few years older, he started on his journey to his new home, on foot, there being no road—no guide, but marked trees. He has often been heard to relate, in his cheerful, affable manner, the adventures of his journey through a wilderness of twelve miles, and exclaim with a merry laugh—"boys at the present day would shrink with horror at so perilous an undertaking." He had resided in his new home but a few years, when his adopted father was called forth to fight for the liberties of his country. He was killed in the battle of Bennington, Vermont.

At the age of ten, his adopted mother was married to Governor Spooner, of Hartland, Vermont, where they went to reside. This connection proved a very great benefit to him, as his new guardian took a great interest in his

education. He taught him many things which he could not obtain in a common school. At the age of 18, in compliance with the wishes of his adopted mother, he came back to Orford, to superintend her farm and business here. Naturally possessed of great energy and perseverence of character, he was capable of doing a vast amount of business. It has often been said that no man in town, from the ordinary pursuits of life, accomplished more than he did. At the age of 19, he was chosen constable; later in life he held the office a number of years, of deputy sheriff for the county of Grafton. During the war of 1812, he was chosen custom-house officer and assessor of taxes for the county of Grafton; also, many town offices. He was an upright man, and interested in whatever pertained to the best good and prosperity of the town.

June 25, 1795, he was married to Electa Taylor, of Hartland, Vermont. She died within two years after their marriage. His second marriage was to Hannah Alexander, of Northfield, Massachusetts. By her he had seven children, viz.: Electa Taylor, born February 22, 1796; Nancy Ann, October 16, 1798; Bethuel Taylor, November 14, 1800; Hannah, August 12, 1802; Eliphas Alexander, June 4, 1804; Henry Holiday, May 30, 1806; Fanny, May 31, 1808.

DAYTON.

James Dayton was born at Glastenburg, Conn., in 1768. Served an apprenticeship at the clock manufacturing business at Hartford, Conn., and came to Orford in 1792, and commenced the business of carding and cloth dressing, much to the convenience of the inhabitants. The town can boast of but few superior men. With a commanding

voice and person, he was a leader in public assemblies; was often called to preside at meetings of the town. His honor and integrity were unquestioned. He died August 2, 1854. He married Lucinda Morey. They had nine children; six now survive. James resides at the old homestead; Caroline married Hiram Powers, and resides at Orford, as does Henry, who married Julia Whitcomb. Maria married Ida Hodge, and lives at Bath; Eliza resides at Orford. Daniel is a physician, and lives at South Bend, Indiana.

DEWEY.

Nathan Dewey and his wife, Mendwell, moved from Hebron, Conn., to Orford, about the year 1765. He was a blacksmith, and lived and carried on his trade opposite where is now the hotel in Orford street. He died in 1779. His sons Nathan and Abel, both lived and died in Orford. The former sustained the office of deacon in the church for many years with fidelity and usefulness; the latter was a hard-working farmer, and always resided in Orford.

Nathan, senior, was the grandfather of T. M. Dewey, formerly a resident of Orford, and now a member of the Massachusetts bar, who has earned a good reputation throughout the New England states as a teacher of music at the present day, and who takes a high rank as a conductor of musical societies, as well as faithful interpreter of the English ballad.

DANA.

Sylvester Dana was born at Ashford, Windham county, Conn., on the 4th of July, 1769. He was the great-great-

grandson of Richard Dana, a French Protestant, who fled from persecution in France; went first to England, and from thence came to America about the year 1640; and settled in that part of Cambridge now included in the town of Brighton, Massachusetts. Richard Dana had a son and a grandson, both named Jacob Dana. Jacob, Jr., had a son named Anderson, who was a lawyer by profession, and who married Susannah Huntington, of Lebanon, Connecticut. They were the parents of eight children, of whom Sylvester was the seventh. In the autumn of 1772, the Dana family removed from Ashford to the Wyoming Valley, on the Susquehanna river, which is now included in the state of Pennsylvania. Though but three years of age, Sylvester ever distinctly remembered riding on horseback behind his mother, who carried an infant in her arms while making that journey of nearly 300 miles—the last fifty of which was through a wilderness, with only marked trees for a guide. The family settled in Wilkesbarre, the principal town in that beautiful valley, and for six years were highly prospered. The Wyoming Valley was then claimed by Connecticut under an old charter of King Charles Second, and was chiefly settled by people from Connecticut, who lived many years far removed from other settlements of white men. Representation was allowed in the General Assembly of Connecticut, and in 1778, Anderson Dana was elected to represent the town of Westmoreland in that body. After an absence of eight weeks, he returned to his home, to become an actor and a victim in the tragic scene which desolated that valley. In the summer of that year, a band of British and tories, led on by Col. John Butler, and accompanied by 700 Indian auxiliaries, attacked and utterly destroyed the settlements of that valley. Most of the men were slain; all their property was either destroyed or carried away, and the women and children, who escaped massacre, fled through the wilderness to the nearest white

settlements. Among the slain were Anderson Dana and his son-in-law, Stephen Whiton. Mrs. Dana, after filling a pillow-case with her husband's more valuable papers, commenced her flight on foot through the wilderness, accompanied by seven of her children, including Sylvester, who was then nine years old. They at length reached Ashford, after enduring great hardships, and the children were placed in various families where they could be of service. Sylvester labored on the farms of several persons, until he attained the age of about 17, when, with his older brother, Aziel, he returned to Wilkesbarre, and commenced cultivating their father's lands. Their scanty stock of provisions was soon exhausted, and as no supply could be obtained in that desolated valley, the family were compelled to subsist for six weeks on parsley and milk exclusively, until the growing corn was fit to roast. During the latter part of the same year, (1786) their mother, and the next spring, their brother, Anderson, joined them. The three brothers purchased considerable real estate for small amounts, and were well rewarded for their industry during the ensuing five years. Then, as Sylvester afterwards said, "the thought struck me one day if I could dispose of what property I have gained, it might be sufficient to carry me through college and preparatory studies for preaching the gospel to my fellow creatures." He accordingly disposed of his interest in his property to his brothers, returned to Connecticut, where he completed his preparatory studies, and entered Yale College in 1793, at the age of 24. He was, during the succeeding spring, visited with severe sickness, and brought very near the grave, but he recovered so as to go on with his class. During his sophomore year, he was admitted to the college church. In 1797, he graduated with his class, which was one of eminent talent—containing among its members Rev. Lyman Beecher, Prof. James Murdock, Judge Henry Baldwin, of the United

States Supreme Court, Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Vermont, and others.

After graduating, Mr. Dana immediately commenced his theological studies with the Rev. Charles Backus, of Somers, Conn., and on the 5th of June, 1798, he was licensed to preach. During that summer, he preached in various places in Connecticut, and at Wilkesbarre and Hanover Penn., during the following year. In the winter of 1799 and 1800, he was employed by the Connecticut Missionary Society, to preach among the new settlements of western New York, and fulfilled his mission acceptably. In the spring of 1800, he preached at Windsor, Vermont, three months, and subsequently at Haverhill and Orford, New Hampshire, from each of which places he received a unanimous call of the people to settle.

On the 20th day of May, 1801, he was ordained minister of Orford, in presence of nearly the whole population of the town; and for about 21 years he sustained that relation, usually preaching at the East and West meeting-houses alternately. At the expiration of that period, a new Congregational Society was organized, comprising people in the western part of Orford, and in the adjacent town of Fairlee, Vt., and over it, and the church connected with it, Mr. Dana was settled February 19th, 1823, and continued until 1833, when he resigned his pastoral charge. During the four subsequent years, he preached at Thornton, N. H., and witnessed considerable accessions to the church. In August, 1837, being 68 years of age and somewhat infirm, he retired from active labors in the ministry, and removed to Concord, N. H. There, he quietly passed the evening of life, respected and beloved by all who knew him. In the autumn of 1839, he visited the Wyoming Valley, where he passed the ensuing winter in preaching occasionally.

In September, 1844, the house in which he resided at

Concord, was destroyed by fire, and a large portion of his worldly effects, including more than 500 volumes of his library, were consumed, together with all his manuscript sermons, a carefully written system of theology, and a history of the Wyoming Valley. He narrowly escaped the flames with life.

In the autumn of 1846, he again visited his brother Anderson, on the old farm at Wilkesbarre, and extended his journey to Virginia; and in the following year, he attended the Commencement at Yale College—it being the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, and there met 12 of the 24 survivors out of a class numbering 37. "The meeting was intensely interesting."

In his domestic relations, Mr. Dana was happy. He married, March 2d, 1802, Miss Hannah Kimball, of Concord, daughter of Deacon John Kimball. Mrs. D. suddenly deceased November 16th, 1846, during the absence of her husband on his last visit to Wyoming. They were the parents of nine children, five of whom died in infancy. Their daughter Anna, married Dr. Reuel Barrows, of Fryeburg, Maine. She survives her husband, who died July 18th, 1857. Their son, Charles Backus, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and of the Andover Theological Seminary, was for a long time, Rector of Christ's church, at Alexandria, Virginia—the church with which Washington himself was connected, and is now having a similiar charge at Port Gibson, Mississippi. Their youngest son, Sylvester, also a graduate of Dartmouth College, entered the profession of law at Concord, and is now Police Justice of that city. Hannah, the youngest daughter, married Rev. S. S. Tappan, then of Conway, N. H. She died April 19th, 1855, at Providence, R. I.

The mother of Mr. Dana passed the last seven years of her exemplary and useful life at his house. She died, and was buried at Orford in February, 1818, at the ripe age of 87.

Late in 1847, Mr. Dana wrote to one of his classmates as follows: "Fifty-three years have passed away since I made a public profession of religion, during which period I have generally enjoyed a comfortable state of mind; not having been carried with St. Paul to the third Heaven, nor with Cowper, deeply depressed; but have been enabled to go on my way rejoicing in God, my Savior. At times I am almost ready to adopt the language of Rev. John Newton, who said he was like a letter—written, folded, superscribed, sealed—waiting for the carrier. Surely, I shall not have occasion to wait long for the carrier." The carrier did not long delay, for during the following year his health became much impaired, and he very gradually approached his expected death, with much bodily suffering, incident to a general decay of his physical system, while at the same time, his mind retained its accustomed vigor. In May, 1849, he received an invitation to attend the ordination there of Rev. William Clark. With great pain, he arose from his bed, and wrote his last letter in reply, in which he used the following language: "Were it possible for me to be present at the contemplated ordination at this noon of the 19th century, how few, alas! should I be able to find who were present on a like occasion at its dawn. Where are now the people of Orford of mature years who attended at the East Meeting House 48 years ago this present month to witness my own ordination? Where are those who were accustomed to assemble from Sabbath to Sabbath for religious worship? Where are those who there were wont to gather around the communion table of our blessed Savior, to celebrate his dying love? Departed! nearly all departed to the world of Spirits. The tide of time will soon waft each of you to another world. Whatever, then, you would do for God and your fellow mortals, do quickly, for the grave, the house appointed for all the living, will soon be yours."

Mr. Dana calmly expired on the 9th day of June, 1849, lacking but a few days of 80 years of age. His funeral was largely attended by the clergy and people of all denominations, and the Rev. Dr. Bouton preached an appropriate funeral discourse. His remains lie in the old cemetery at Concord, while his spirit can undoubtedly testify to the truth of his last words—"*There is rest in Heaven.*"

DAVIS.

Under this name, we present portions of two letters addressed to the Chairman of the Committee, as follows:

WENTWORTH, Nov. 30, 1865.

Mr. Howard,

DEAR SIR: My father removed from Rumney to Orford in 1788. His nearest neighbor in Orford was Mr. Wyer, who lived three miles distant. The nearest on the other side, and equally distant, was Gen. Betters, of Wentworth.

My father harnessed the cow into the sled one winter, and took my mother and went a visiting to Mr. Wyer's, and spent the evening. He used to go across to Maj. Todd's, earn a bushel of corn and bring it home on his back the same day. My mother earned a dollar a day, weaving, besides taking care of four children. My father died in 1826, aged 78 years. My mother went to Michigan in 1835. She died in less than one year after. They had a family of eight children. They are all dead but myself and two sisters, Mary and Ruth, who live in Michigan. I lived in Orford 71 years. I have had three wives. They are all dead. I have had nine children, and they are all living but two. I am 79 years old last July.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN DAVIS.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass., Nov. 29, 1865.

H. H. Howard, Esq.,

DEAR SIR: My father, Samuel Davis, was born in Salisbury, N. H., August 8th, 1772. He went to Orford in 1795, and died there, March 6th, 1849. My mother, Polly Grimes, was born in Maine, August, 1779. She went to Orford in 1795, and there died in April, 1831. My parents both lived with Capt. Jared Mann from the time they went to Orford, till they were married in 1798. I think that they were married at his house, by John Mann, Esq., but am not certain. They lived in Orford from the time of their removal there till they died.

Truly yours,

JAMES C. DAVIS.

Jared M. Davis enlisted in Co. E, 5th New Hampshire Volunteers; served as Sergeant two years in that regiment; lost his left arm in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863. In January, 1864, he was appointed 2d Lieutenant, and was in the service three years and three months.

KIMBALL.

Eliphalet Kimball was born at Bradford Massachusetts, in 1769, and came to Orford in 1790. Commenced the practice of medicine, and was for many years, the principal physician. At that early day the roads were poor, the population sparse. A physician's task was no holiday recreation. It required a person of energy and perseverance. Such was the subject of this sketch. Kind hearted and generous, the poor as well as the rich shared alike his professional services. He was for many years, Town Clerk, and died in 1843, leaving a blessed memory.

He married Elizabeth C. Porter, of Plymouth, N. H. She died in 1839. They had nine children: John Porter, Eliza Livermore, Eliphalet, Hazen Spofford, Sarah Martin, Mary Woodman, Margaret Dennie, Jane Porter, Laura Wheelock.

John P. was a physician, and died at New Orleans, La., December 2, 1843. Eliza married Dr. Alfred Pixby; he is dead. She resides at Enosburg Falls, Vt. Eliphalet is a physician, and living. Hazen S. is superintendent of extensive silver mines at Zaceticas, Mexico.

Sarah M. married W. B. Westbrook, Esq. She is a widow, and resides at Accord, N. Y. Margaret died at Galveston, Texas, January 2, 1840. Jane P. married S. W. Hale, and is now a resident of Orford. Charles P. married Helen Page, of Sharon, Vt., and resides at Northfield. Laura married Harry Allen, and died in New York, May 12, 1847.

MARSTON.

Jeremiah Marston was born at Hampton, N. H., February 22, 1745. Came to Orford in 1769, in company with Gen. Israel Morey, and the same year assisted to survey the town into lots. His wife was Hannah Towle. They had three children—Sarah, Jeremiah and Hannah. Jeremiah is the only one living. He was born October 27, 1780, and still lives on the place of his birth, respected and beloved in his old age, by all the inhabitants of the town. Capt. Marston has ever been regarded as one of the most substantial citizens of Orford. He has occupied responsible positions, always with honor to himself and satisfaction to his fellow townsmen. He was Selectman during eleven successive years. He remains, one of the

fathers not yet passed away—a worthy representative of a generation that acted their part well in life, and have transmitted a goodly heritage to their children. Blessings upon the heads of the venerable fathers who still remain.

He was twice married; first to Betsey Gilman, December 7, 1806. She died December 20, 1807. Second to Theda, daughter of Ichabod Sawyer. They had five children, viz.: Gilman, Charles, Arthur, Jeremiah and Harriet. Gilman is a conspicuous member of the New Hampshire Bar, Representative in Congress, and was a General in the late war. Charles is a farmer, and resides at Craftsbury, Vt. Jeremiah is a lawyer, residing at Hannibal, Missouri. Arthur is a farmer at the old homestead in Orford. He is a worthy citizen, and a Representative of the town in the State Legislature. Harriet married George P. Marston, and resides at Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

The following sketch of another branch of the Marston family, was furnished by Stephen Marston, Esq., of Hartford, Conn. Stephen Marston is one of the noble spirits that have gone out from Orford, and is highly respected in the city of his adoption. He is an extensive lumber merchant, and very successful in business.

My father, Thomas Marston, was born in Hampton, N. H. His ancestors were among the first settlers of that old town, and were from the same family of Capt. Jeremiah Marston of your town, also those in Fairlee, bearing the same name. They were good citizens, industrious and honest, and of an obliging disposition, more often sinned against than sinning against others, and it was hard to say no to any calls for charity made to them. My father, when a young man, purchased a lot of land near Mount Cube, for a farm. On the opposite side of the road where

the house he built now stands, a man by the name of Porter lived in a log hut. One night, Porter was awakened by a great outcry from his pig-pen, and on looking out, he saw a huge bear deliberately walking off with one of his hogs between his fore paws. He immediately sprang out of bed, and without stopping to dress, seized his ax, and gave chase to bruin, who was glad to drop his prize and make his escape. The hog was so much injured it was found necessary to kill it. Father had a field of wheat greatly injured by some animal, and set a gun loaded, in his path, and soon had the satisfaction of killing the destroyer of his crops, which proved to be a large bear.

Such were some of the incidents common with the early settlers of our town. My father died in May, 1841, aged 68 years. My mother's maiden name was Hannah Merrell. Her father, John Merrell, held a Sergeant's commission under Capt. Post, of your town, who was killed at the battle of Bennington. The last time we saw him, nearly forty years since, he said in relation to that battle, that Col. Baum, the Hessian commander, had two artillery pieces, and our forces had none; but Col. Stark had four men stationed behind some trees, as sharp-shooters, and when one of their artillery men swung his match to discharge his piece, he was shot dead, and when several had been shot that way, they abandoned their pieces, and they were afterwards taken loaded. Col. Baum, when he found the fortunes of the day were likely to go against him, resolved to make one more effort to win the day, and for that purpose put himself at the head of his men, and ordered them to draw their sabres, and advance on our forces. He immediately received a mortal wound, and fell. My grandfather and another man stepped forward to take him prisoner; but he was for asserting his dignity, and says, "I am a nobleman born." Grandfather replies, "Had you remained in your own country, you could be a

nobleman still; but you are my prisoner now." We think he said it was in that charge that Capt. Post received his mortal wound. This battle, not great in numbers engaged, was great in results, as it was the first check Burguoyne received, and contributed much towards his final surrender. One word in relation to the battle of Bennington. Probably no one event, save the surrender of Cornwallis, contributed more to our national independence than that, for had Burguoyne seized the provisions stored there, he would have been able to hold out until he could have formed a junction with the forces under Sir Henry Clinton, and then the plans of the British Ministry would have been consummated, to divide the Eastern from the Southern and Middle states. Our recognition by the French Government followed the surrender of Burguoyne.

My mother, who is now living, was seven weeks old when her father enlisted. Grandfather Merrell was a man of no ordinary stamp. Having no advantages for education, he became his own teacher, and educated himself, and was well informed and possessed of good common sense. He was a patriot. In the war of 1812, when over 60 years of age, he volunteered, and served two years in the army, as Captain most of the time. He died in February, 1839, aged 87 years and six months. My grandmother lived to be 98 years and six months. Mother, who is now living, and quite well, is in her 89th year. She had a brother who died last year, aged 90. My brothers and sisters have all died young. Of nine children, none excepting myself, have attained to the age of 36 years. John Merrell, before referred to, was born in Haverhill, Mass. At the time of his enlistment under Capt. Post, he lived at Haverhill, N. H., or Newbury, Vt., we are not sure which. After the close of the Revolutionary War, he removed to Brunswick, Vt., where he died.

MERRILL.

The following letter contains all the information of the Merrill family in the hands of the Committee, and is therefore inserted in this place.

NASHUA, December 2, 1865.

Mrs. Stephen Merrill:

Stephen Merrill, your husband's great-grandfather, lived and died in Boxford, Mass. He was a farmer, and lived to a good old age, bearing a most excellent character. His wife's given name was Keziah—a good woman and notable house-keeper.

They had five children—three sons and two daughters. Their names were Asa, Jesse, Stephen, Betsey and Mehitable. His second son, Jesse, married Phebe Pearl. They lived in Salem, N. H. He was a farmer, likewise, and had four children, Timothy, Richard, Elizabeth and Dorcas, (the present Mrs. John Gage). Timothy, the eldest son, married Marcia Gage, daughter of Josiah Gage, Esq., who was brother to Benjamin Gage, who was father to the present John Gage, making your husband's mother, Marcia, and father Gage, own cousins. Timothy Merrill and family moved to Orford, mother thinks, in 1794, and was followed in the year 1802, by his father, Jesse Merrill, with the rest of his family, and in company with John Gage.

They settled in the middle of the town, on the farm now occupied by Nathaniel Russell. Jesse Merrill moved twice after that, and died in the house occupied at the present time by Henry Perrin. He died fifty years ago, on January 1st, 1816, aged 73. Rather singularly, his birth and death occurred at the same hour, on Sunday, the first day of the week, and the first day of the first month of the year.

Timothy's family was large. He had seven sons and

four daughters, Jesse, Richard, Josiah, Asa, Phebe, Martha, Mercy, Abigail, Pearl, Silas and Stephen, who is the last remaining of the family in Orford.

Yours,

M. A. GAGE.

By way of correction, the following is added to the above letter:

"There were nine sons in Timothy Merrill's family. Jeremiah is omitted in the letter. He was twin brother to Josiah. Timothy, another of the brothers, is not mentioned. It must have been before 1794 that they moved to Orford, as all the children were born here, the oldest in 1788. A. T. MERRILL."

MOREY.

Gen. Israel Morey was born at Hebron, Conn., May 27th, 1735. Died at Orford, August 10th, 1809.

He was married to Martha Palmer, at Hebron, Conn., July 14th, 1757, who was born May 4th, 1733, and died at Fairlee, Vt., January 12th, 1810. Removed with his family to Orford, January, 1766. They made the long, tedious and toilsome journey with an ox team—the wife carrying in her arms an infant of six months. Settled on the farm afterwards occupied by Capt. Joseph Pratt, now owned by Tillotson and Cushman. The house was standing until within a few years. He procured a charter for the first ferry across the Connecticut, which was located at that place. Afterwards removed to Fairlee, and was an extensive owner of timber lands. He built the mills on the Pond Brook—the first in town. Returned to Orford, and erected a dwelling, where now stands the house of the late Judge Wilcox.

He had seven children, Israel Morey, born at Hebron, Conn., June 10, 1760, and died at Orford, January 25, 1820. The only survivor of that branch of the family, is Geo. A. Morey, Esq., residing at Fairlee. Capt. Samuel Morey, born at Hebron, Conn., October 23, 1762, and died at Fairlee, Vt., April 17, 1843. His wife was Hannah Avery. The only daughter married Hon. Leonard Wilcox. Moulton Morey, born at Hebron, Conn., July 4, 1765 ; died at Fairlee, Vt. Graduated at Dartmouth College in 1789 ; was a lawyer, and for some years, judge of the Orange County court. Of a large family, the only one living is Samuel P. Morey Esq., a resident of Fairlee, Vt. Darius L. Morey, born at Orford, August 5, 1771. Died at Fairlee, Vt., July 25, 1825. Martha Morey, born at Orford, December 20, 1767. She was the first female child born in town. Married Simon B. Bissell, Esq. Sarah Morey, born at Orford, November 6, 1777 ; married Dr. Edward Tudor. Died at Middlebury, Vt. William Pitt Morey, born at Orford, November 6, 1774 ; died January 28, 1807.

HOWARD.

William Howard, son of William and Martha Howard, was born at New London, Conn., May 20, 1775 ; he well recollected witnessing the burning of New London by the British and the surrender of Fort Grisworld, where the garrison was brutally massacred by the victors, Col. Ledyard being run through the body with his own sword after handing it to the commander of the British forces. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to learn the hatting business at Norwich, Conn., where he remained until 21 years of age. He came to Orford in 1799, and commenced the manufacture of hats, which he successfully

prosecuted for many years. He bore the reputation of an industrious, honest, worthy citizen, with uncommon energy and perseverance, and no aspiration for public preferment. His highest ambition was to attain success in his legitimate employment, that he might contribute to the prosperity and happiness of those dependent upon him, and the general welfare.

He was selectman of the town, and for thirty years, postmaster. He died October 20, 1848, at the age of 74 years. He was twice married,--first to Betsey Pierce, July 5, 1802, who was born in Chester, N. H., in 1775, and died September 20, 1819. They had seven children, William, Henry Hampstead, Elizabeth Martha, Mary Pierce, James Pierce, John and Nancy.

William married Sarah E. Page, of Sharon, Vt. He is a merchant, and resides at Orford. Henry H., Mary P., and John are residents of Orford. Elizabeth M. married Edward M. Bissell, and died January 10, 1845. Nancy died June 5, 1847. James P. was a lawyer by profession, and died at San Francisco, Cal., January 12, 1850.

Mr. Howard's second marriage was to Abigail Stratton, of Fairlee, Vt., June 13, 1820. They had five children, Louisa, Thomas, Sarah, George and Jane. Louisa died May 1, 1843; Sarah died June 20, 1848; George died at Natchez, Miss. Thomas resides at Orford. Jane married Daniel G. Corliss, and is a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The name of Howard has always commanded great respect and influence in the town.

PALMER.

Four of this name were among the early settlers of Orford—Ichabod, the date of whose coming to the town I am unable to learn; Moses, who came in 1773 or 1774; Nathan, who came about the same time, and Nathaniel, who came in the spring of 1789. Of Ichabod Palmer, I have very little definite information. He was a nephew of Moses Palmer, and cousin of Nathan and Nathaniel. He married Esther Strong.

Moses Palmer was born in Eastern, Connecticut, in 1726. He first settled in Warren, Conn., and moved to Orford after the birth of his four children. He died at Orford, in 1819, aged 93.

Nathan Palmer, a nephew of Moses, was born in Eastern, Conn. Soon after coming to Orford, he married Jemima Strong, of Lyme. About the time Nathaniel Palmer came to Orford, Nathan having sold out his property to Nathaniel, returned to Connecticut, and some ten years later, removed to Ohio.

Nathaniel Palmer, an older brother of Nathan, was born at Scotland, Windham County, Conn., in 1742. His eight children, seven sons and one daughter, were all born in Connecticut, and came with him to Orford. He was an earnest, christian man, and occupied a prominent position in the infant church of his adopted town. I find his name in the list of those who protested against the doctrinal errors of Rev. Mr. Forsyth. He died at Orford in 1815, aged 73.

The descendants of Moses and Nathaniel Palmer have many of them, been found among the most thoroughly respected citizens of Orford.

Moses Palmer left one son, Moses. His grandsons Asa and Moses Palmer, remained in Orford. Moses died some years since. The last years of his life, he was the un-

happy victim of incurable blindness. His only child, a daughter, is settled in Massachusetts. Asa Palmer is still living near Orfordville, the father of a large family of worthy and enterprising sons and daughters—himself one of the few remaining "pillars of the church" at Orfordville. Several of his children are in Massachusetts. One is now engaged in the study of medicine, and one, Asa Burton, whose pointed and most excellent address to the children, Centennial day, none can have forgotten, is now on the paternal homestead, and one of the most intelligent farmers of his native town. The earlier years of his manhood he spent in teaching in Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio, a *chosen* profession, for which he was admirably fitted, which ill health compelled him to abandon.

Jared Palmer, the oldest son of Nathaniel, lived in Orford, to the advanced age of 87 years. For nearly half a century, he was a deacon in the Orfordville church, and at all times, an active christian. He was always at his post in religious meetings, week days as well as Sundays; and often selected as a delegate to ecclesiastical councils. None of his numerous descendants remain in Orford. He was the father of eleven children, six of whom are still living. His surviving son, Samuel Palmer, is a well known citizen and christian man in Cambridgeport, Mass.

Calvin Palmer, second son of Nathaniel, spent considerable part of his life in northern New Hampshire, where he died in 1850. One of his sons, Alexander, has recently lived at Lisbon—an estimable citizen, superintendent of the Sabbath School, &c., &c.

Stephen Palmer, third son of Nathaniel, came to Orford with his parents, when a boy of thirteen or fourteen years, and from that time retained the same home—the farm first purchased by his father, till the last day of his life. He died in 1857, at the age of 81 years. During the greater part of his life, he was well known up and down the Con-

necticut river, as the efficient builder of the heavy-timbered bridges common at that time. He was the father of two children. His daughter died at 18. His son, William S. Palmer, having graduated at Dartmouth College in 1853, and taught several years in different institutions in New England and Ohio, is now settled in the ministry at Wells River, Vt., an honor to his church and his profession.

Elijah Palmer, fourth son of Nathaniel, spent most of his life in Orford, dividing his time between farming and mechanical labor. His home was in Quintown through the years of his greatest activity. When an old man, he removed to Wentworth, with his youngest son. When about 80 years old, he became a member of the Congregational church, at Piermont. He died in 1854, aged 82. Only one of his sons is still living in Orford, Austin Palmer, for some years past selectman and justice of the peace, and he has recently purchased the celebrated Hazen farm in Newbury, Vt. Nathaniel Palmer, his oldest son, died when a young man, at Orford; not, however, until he had won an enviable reputation, as a man of remarkable genius and signal general intelligence.

John N. Palmer is in Wisconsin. E. West Palmer died some years since, in Boston. George Palmer is in Nashua, and Henry is a very successful farmer in Piermont. Horace Palmer, fifth son of Nathaniel, spent his life in Orford, most of it in the West Parish. He died in 1856, aged 76. He was the father of eleven children—none of whom have resided in Orford for several years. One son, I believe, is in New York, and one in Minnesota. Two daughters are in Minnesota, and three in Massachusetts.

Clara Palmer, the only daughter of Nathaniel, was married to a Mr. Hosford, and removed to Bath. Her son, Elisha Hosford, died in Kentucky; and her daughter is now Mrs. Dr. Hosford, of Orford—the only descendant of Nathaniel Palmer who has, at present, a permanent home

in the town of his adoption, withal, a most worthy representative of the family.

NEWELL.

John Newell was born in Salem, Mass., January 31, 1768; married Eunice Corliss, of Alexander, Mass., Sept. 1, 1791, and moved to Orford and bought a farm in the East part of the town, where he resided for nearly sixty years. In 1851, he went to Woodstock, Ill., where he died at the age of 90 years and 5 months. He lived more than 60 years a worthy christian, always cheerful and contented, ever ready to speak a word in behalf of the christian cause. His wife died about three years after, at the age of 89. Amidst the changes and sorrows of a long life, she had the cheering presence of her Savior. They had twelve children—three died in infancy. John, Eunice and Lorensa are now living. Lucy married Benjamin Finney, a farmer. Emily married James Hutchins, a merchant at Woodstock, Ill. Daniel went to New York City, and married Annalanah Richie, he was the pastor of a Presbyterian Church some twenty years, when ill health compelled him to seek other employment, and he became the proprietor and editor of the Family Circle and Parlor Annual. David marred a Miss Hall, moved to New York, as a broker and banker. Sally married William Stetson, of Orford, a farmer. Benjamin married Polly Fifield, and lived in Piermont, N. H., as a carriage maker. Eunice married Samuel Niles, of Orford, a farmer. Mrs. Niles married for her second husband, M. Ramsey, and now reside in Woodstock, Ill. Lorensa married Porter Cutting, and lives in Woodstock, Ill. John, Jr., married Betsey Stetson, of Lyme, N. H., and in

1821, purchased a farm near his father's in Orford, upon which he lived till 1863, when he moved to Manchester, N. H., where they now live at an advanced age, frugal and industrious, and in the enjoyment of a good degree of health. They were the parents of six daughters, to whom they gave good advantages for education, and at the same time not neglecting to impart to them useful and practical lessons in house-keeping. One thing is worthy of note, that of the family gathering during the month of August, which has been observed for more than 20 years, and is still kept up, much to the pleasure of both, parents and children. Hattie A., married James Huse, lives in Enfield, N. H., manufacturer of bedsteads. Louise M., married G. W. Follansbee, lives in New York City, clerk at the Astor House. Lorensa S., married G. W. Boynton, lives in Manchester, N. H., watch maker and jeweller. Mary S., married B. Frank Niles, of Orford, a farmer, she died in Nov. 1862. Lizzie E., married Henry A. Gage, printer and publisher at Manchester, N. H. Anna R., married H. A. Horton, and lives on the old Homestead in Orford.

PRATT.

My father was born in Salem, Mass., in 1745, and died in Orford, December 12th, 1832. He removed from Salem to Orford in 1792. The eastern part of Orford was then but partially settled. Our nearest neighbor, if I recollect right, was Col. Simpson, who then lived near where Judge Wilcox used to live, and where he died. There was then a one story meeting house between where the Universalist meeting house now stands, and the river. The Rev. Mr. Sawyer preached there when my father came to Orford. He died, I believe, at the age of 100 years. I believe the two eldest men then in Orford, were Deacon Strong, Mr.

E. Strong's grandfather, and Deacon Tillotson, Obadiah Tillotson's grandfather.

At the time my father came to Orford, wolves and bears were quite plenty. My oldest brother, Joseph, went into the barn yard near the house one night, and found a wolf in the yard. At another time, two wolves came in the night, and carried off one of our sheep.

There was no post office in Orford when my father came there. Gen. Pickering was Post Master General under Washington's administration. He was a near neighbor to my father, in Salem. He gave my father the post office for Orford; but having much other business to attend to, he let Major John Mann the office, who kept it for a number of years.

My mother was born in the year 1743, and died in Orford in 1809. I have frequently heard her relate the landing of the British troops in Salem, at the beginning of the Revolutionary War. Col. Leslie commanded the British troops. They were sent there by Gen. Gage, from Boston, with orders to take possession of the cannon known to be deposited there. The troops landed on Sunday, in the month of January. My father, I believe, was absent. The alarm was given by the beat of the drum. My mother was in the Rev. Mr. Bernard's meeting house when the alarm was given. As she turned the corner of the street to go home, she met Col. Leslie, with his troops, marching up. They halted near a house where a man lived, who was said to be a tory. The British troops were soon surrounded by two thousand people. My mother said the soldiers looked pale. The selectmen of salem asked Col. Leslie about his business in coming on the Sabbath day under arms. He told them that he had orders from Gen. Gage to take the cannon deposited there. They told him the cannon belonged to the state of Massachusetts, and he could not have them. In the meantime, the boats had

been rendered useless, and the bridge draw was up. Col. Leslie then marched down to the bridge, in order to cross and take the cannon. When he got on the bridge, and found he could not cross, he rode back in a rage, and said if they did not let down the draw, he would fire on the multitude that followed him down to the bridge. The head men of the town told him if he did fire on the people, not one of his men should go off the bridge alive. He then rode back and consulted his officers, and then came back and said if he did not obey the command of Gen. Gage, his head must come off; he also said if they would let down the bridge, and let him pass so many rods from it, he would give his word and honor that he would turn back, and not meddle with the cannon, and would leave the town immediately. The draw bridge was then let down. He marched to the place, and wheeling around, took off his hat—bid the people good-bye, and left for Boston.

My father made his first voyage on the ocean when he was fourteen years old. He continued in this employment about thirty years. He commanded a merchant vessel a number of years. After the Revolutionary War began, he was taken prisoner, by a British man-of-war. While a prisoner, the vessel in which he was confined, had a running fight with a French man-of-war. The English Captain set him and the officers on Martha's Vineyard, near Boston, allowing him only what he could put into a chest. The rest of the crew were sent to Halifax. He afterwards took the command of a ship of war, called the Grand Turk, carrying twenty guns, with a crew of 100 men. The vessel was owned and fitted out by Capt. E. H. Derby, of Salem. He sailed in this vessel three years. He visited Biboa, in Spain, and was in the English Channel, but never landed in England. In the time of the Revolutionary War, a large English Frigate kept cruising near Massachusetts Bay, and had taken many American vessels—sending their crews to

Halifax. Before my father left Salem to go to sea, he heard that this man-of-war was cruising in Massachusetts Bay; but as his ship was a fast sailing one, he was confident he could outsail her, and escape, as he thought it would be hopeless to fight with so large a vessel of war. As he sailed out on a cruise, he came in sight of this large English Frigate that had taken so many American vessels. When my father came within hailing distance, the Captain of the English Frigate called out through his speaking trumpet: "You Yankee rascal, strike your flag, or I will blow you into the air." A favorable wind at that moment brought the Grand Turk, with her ten guns on a side, close to the Frigate. My father gave the word to be ready to fire. The Captain of the Frigate called out and said: "For God's sake, do n't fire—if you do, you will sink us immediately." He then hauled down his flag, and then my father, followed by the marines, sprang on board of the Frigate. The Captain met him, and handed his sword to him. In the evening, the Grand Turk, with her prize, returned to Salem.

One dark night, while sailing on a cruise, he came in sight of a man-of-war. He could judge of her size only by the lights she carried. The men on board his vessel were loth to engage her. My father thought he would see what she would do. He ordered the gun to fire to the right, then to the left of the vessel, and then to fire as near as he could, right into the center of the vessel. The light of the man-of-war then went up, as a signal to fire; but they did not fire, and hauled down their flag. When they came to see the size of my father's vessel, they exclaimed—"We are kidnapped." The prize was then brought safe into Salem.

Three of my father's family died in infancy. My oldest brother died in Orford. Jonathan died in Providence, R. I., in 1847. Henry died in 1827, and Margaret in 1859.

NATHANIEL PRATT.

PHELPS.

Samuel Phelps was born at Hebron, Conn., July 6th, 1742, and died May 2d, 1815. Married to Lydia Morey, of Lebanon, Conn., May, 1764. She died January 23d, 1832. They lived together in the marriage relation, more than fifty years. Came to Orford in April 1771. They had thirteen children—Samuel, born December 2d, 1776; was three times married, first to Patience Cook; second to Fanny Stevens, third to Anna Bartholomew. They had eight children, one died in infancy. Three are now living. Anna married Oliver Mitchell, and resides in Orford. Abner, a lawyer, resident of San Francisco, Cal., and Timothy B., who resides in Lyme.

Benona, born March 31st, 1768; died February 1st, 1770. Benona, born June 21st, 1775; died July 22d, 1775. Joel, married Saphronia Dodge; died September 1st, 1822. Nathaniel, born September 18th, 1780; died 27th of the same month. Nathaniel, born July 4th, 1782, and died a few years since. George Morey, born January 2d,, 1788, and died a few years since, at Hill, N. H. He was a lawyer, and was twice married, first to Lydia Thurston, and second to Sarah W. Fitch. He had six children by his first wife, and one by the second.

Orenda, born April 10th, 1765. Married Samuel Bliss, and died November 27th, 1821. They had ten children.

Bridget, born October 26th 1769; died August 13th, 1842. She married Joseph Archer. They had ten children—five of whom died in infancy.

Lydia, born August 9th 1771. Married Hazel Russ, and died October 26th, 1840. They had eight children.

Mary, born June 20th, 1773; died Setember 1st, 1774. Assenett married Thomas Stevens, born May 13th, 1777; died February 1st 1835. They had nine children, three of whom died in infancy.

Mary, born April 30th 1774; died a few years since. Married Joseph Dutton.

QUINT.

Benjamin Quint came to Orford in 1792, and settled in the easterly part of the town, called Quinttown, from whom it derived its name. He raised a large family. Some of his descendants are now residents of Orford. He was in the war of the Revolution, and served with John Paul Jones; was aboard the Bon Homme Richard in the action with the Serapis. He died many years since at an advanced age.

ROGERS.

Nathaniel Rogers, a son of Rev. John Rogers, minister at Boxford, Mass., was born June 7, 1718; was graduated at Harvard College; settled at Leominster, Mass., as a farmer; removed to Orford, N. H., in 1770, and was alive in 1784.

Nathaniel Rogers, son of the preceding, was born at Leominster, about 1750; came to Orford about 1770, and died October 11, 1820. He was a farmer, and was many years one of the selectmen of the town. He was a sergeant in the army of the American Revolution, in the company commanded by Capt. Jonathan Chandler, in the regiment commanded by Col. Jonathan Chase. He bore a high character for integrity and sound judgment. His wife was Eunice Allen. She survived him many years, and died at an advanced age. He left five children, John, Hannah, James, Eunice and Charles.

John Rogers, son of the preceding, was born May 11, 1782, and married Lucy Swinerton, May 8, 1810. He was a lawyer several years, and afterwards retired from practice, and became a farmer. He was for many years a selectman of the town, and a representative to the state legislature. His wife died December 5, 1856, aged 77. He died December 28, 1859, also at the age of 77. He had six children, John, George, Charles, William, Louisa and Edward.

Hannah married Heman Ford, of Piermont, N. H., by whom she had thirteen children: Alden, John, James, Lucy, Hannah, Charles, Absalom, Heman, Mary, Eunice, Belinda, Almira, and a second John.

James married Joanna Dewey, by whom he had four children, Eunice, Rhoda, Nathaniel and Samuel. He died about thirty years since. Nathaniel is a mason, residing in Fairlee, Vt. Samuel is a clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, in Michigan.

Eunice married Timothy Sargent, of Orford, and had five children, Eunice, Nathaniel, Hannah, Ellen and Timothy. Nathaniel, who is now the post master at Orford, is the only survivor. He is married.

Charles married Amelia Ramsey, and is still living at Bradford, Vt. He had seven children.

Of the children of John Rogers, named above, John was born January 10, 1811. He is a farmer, and still lives at Orford. He has also filled the offices of selectman and representative to the state legislature. He married Eunice Ford, and has two children, Alice and Charles.

George was born November 29, 1812; went to New York city when he was about 21; and falling ill of consumption, went to Mobile for his health, and died on board ship in Mobile Bay, February 4, 1837.

Charles was born February 8, 1815. He is an artist, and resides in San Francisco, California, where he is mar-

ried. William was born April 4, 1817. He is a lawyer, living in Boston. He married Margaret Mitchell, and after her death, Ellen Mary Gavett, and after her death, Nancy Rebecca Holmes. His children are five: Walter F., Mary Ellen, Edwin A., George E. and Ida.

Louisa was born October 17, 1821, and died of consumption, June 19, 1842.

Edward was born January 17, 1825. He served in the army of the United States, in the war of the rebellion, and was commissioned a Lieutenant of colored troops.

Of the children of Heman and Hannah Ford, named above, Alden is a farmer, and lives in Orford. He married Sally Phelps, and has had four children, Abraham, Alden, Absalom and Edward.

Eunice was married to John Rogers, Jr., as above stated.

The first Nathaniel Rogers named above, was a son of Rev. John Rogers, of Boxford. His brother, named John, was minister at Leominister, Mass. His grandfather was Jeremiah Rogers, of Salem, who died in 1729 or 1730. Jeremiah was a nephew or grand nephew of Rev. John Rogers, who was president of Harvard College in 1682. The father of the latter was Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, of Ipswich, Mass., who was son of Rev. John Rogers, of Dedham, England. The last named John Rogers died in 1639, and was said to be a grandson of John Rogers, the martyr, who was burned at Smithfield, in Queen Mary's reign, February 14, 1555.

SIMPSON.

Col. William Simpson was born at Portsmouth, N. H. For some years was in command of a vessel in the West India trade. He came to Orford at an early day. Was quite an extensive land owner. Of commanding and dig-

nified bearing, he was a very prominent man in town—acting for many successive years as moderator of town meetings, and filled various town offices, and was for a number of years a representative in the Legislature. He died at Portsmouth, at an old age.

TILLOTSON.

Daniel Tillotson was born in England, April 1, 1721. He came to this country early in life; married Mindwell Hosford, and settled in Connecticut. He was a descendant from John Tillotson, an Enghish prelate, who was born near Halifax, in 1630. John Tillotson is well known in history as an eminent preacher and divine, a man of great ability, and whose spirit and christian views were remarkably liberal for his time. Notwithstanding he opposed the king, Charles II, in some of his declarations, and gave utterance to doctrines not in strict accordance with the creed of the popular church, at one time "openly preaching a sermon before the queen against the absolute eternity of hell torments," still he held high positions in the church; was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and ever had a wide influence in the church, and upon the religious opinions of the age. He died of a paralytic stroke, in 1694.

His biographer says of him:—"Dr. Tillotson was open, sincere, benevolent and forgiving; and although in some points too compliant, and liable to the charge of inconsistency, his intentions seem to have been pure and disinterested. His sermons maintain a place among the most popular of that class of composition in the English language, displaying great copiousness of thought and expression, and abounding with passages which strongly impress the mind."

Daniel Tillotson was a man of strong religious character,

an officer in the church for many years, and was esteemed as one of the "shining lights therein." He was a man of of great strength of character and purpose, and a most estimable citizen. He was the father of a large family—whose names follow in order:—Mindwell, Deborah, Daniel, Martha, Anna, Lydia, Aseneth and Amelia.

Mindwell married Dr. Samuel Hale; Deborah married Col. Frye Bailey; Daniel married Mary Sawyer; Martha married Theodore Dame; Anna married Samuel Cole; Lydia married John Hale; Aseneth married Timothy Sargent; Amelia married Alexander Strong.

The above were all farmers except Dr. Hale, and all settled in Orford save Col. Bailey, who lived in Newbury, Vt.

The second Daniel Tillotson was born in Hebron, Conn., in 1750. He came to Orford about the year 1768, and soon after married the daughter of Thomas Sawyer, as mentioned above. He was one of the substantial and influential men of the town, possessed of many virtues, and great force of character. The following are the names of his children, only one of whom is now living, viz:—Mary, John Morris, Daniel, Deborah, Samuel, Susannah, Mindwell, Obadiah, Hepsibah and Thomas Sawyer.

Mary married Jesse Cole; John M. married for his first wife, widow Cargill, and for his second, Eliza Sabin; Daniel married Abigail Bailey; Deborah married Increase Batchelder; Samuel married Betsey Wallace; Obadiah married Betsey Marshall; Hepsibah married Thomas Savage; Thomas S. married Abigail Stevens.

The above were mostly farmers, with the exception of John M., who was a lawyer, and resident in the upper part of the state. Susannah died in 1797; Mindwell died in 1860.

The third Daniel Tillotson, who married Abigail Bailey, a most estimable woman, lived and died on the old homestead in Orford, where his only son now resides. He was

a man of sterling character, great business capacity, and influential in the town.

Obadiah Tillotson, the only member of the family living, resides at Orford, with his daughter, Mrs. Corliss. He is the oldest person living in Orford, who was born in the town. Venerable in years, having outlived his generation, he is waiting the summons to join those who have gone before him. He has finished his work, and is ready to depart. Betsey Marshall, his wife, was born in Northumberland in 1784, and died in Orford in 1852. She was a woman of true piety, noble nature, and a devoted, faithful mother. She endeavored to give her children a thorough moral and religious training. A large family was placed under the care of these parents. The following are the names of the children: Susannah M., Betsey, John M., Obadiah H., Bradley P., Benjamin M., Sarah S., William G., George W., Daniel O., Charles H. and Mary H.

Wm. G. and Daniel O. died in infancy. Mary H. died at the age of four years. George W. died at the age of sixteen years. John M. married Betsey G. Sargent, and died at Orford in 1848. She lives at Nashua, and has two children, John and Mary. Obadiah H. married Rosamond D. Corliss, and died at Northfield, Vt., in June, 1863. He was a preacher of the gospel, and had been settled over several societies, to all of which he ministered with ability and success.

Betsey resides with her sister Corliss, at Orford.

Bradley P. married Laura Ripley, and is a farmer residing at Hanover.

Sarah S. married Ebenezer C. Woodbury, and resides at Orford.

Charles H. married Lauretta G. Woodbury, and resides at Orford.

Benjamin M. married Corrilla W. Butler, of St. Johnsbury, Vt. After completing his studies at Meriden, N. H.,

and Newbury, Vt., and teaching two or three years, he entered the ministry, and has been settled in Manchester, N. H., over a large society, more than twenty years; all but two years of his ministry, or a little more, during which time he was settled over a large society in Philadelphia. He has two sons, Edward M., and Frank B. Tillotson.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Chadwick, daughter of John M., resides at Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Martha, of New York, and William, Mary and James of Warren, Vt., are the children of Samuel.

Mrs. Mary Gordon, of Whitefield, Mrs. Amanda Tillotson, of Orford, and Charles O., of Freemont, Ohio, are the children of Thomas.

D. Frye Tillotson, son of Daniel, who married Amanda, now lives at Orford, and is one of the most enterprising and successful business men in the town. His father left him a handsome property, to which he has made large additions. He is widely known as a business man, and esteemed for his activity and enterprise, and his many social qualities. He has one son.

WHEELER.

Capt. John Brooks Wheeler removed from Grafton, Vt., to Orford, in 1806. Engaged extensively in merchantile pursuits, which he prosecuted very successfully for many years. By energy and persevrence, with uncommon financial ability, he accumulated a fortune seldom realized in a country business. He was a prominent and influential citizen—filling acceptably, many responsible offices, and represented the town in the state legislature. He died August 26, 1842. Mrs. Wheeler died soon after his removal to Orford. His sons were graduates of Dartmouth

College. John Wheeler, an eloquent and distinguished clergyman, was some years settled at Windsor, Vt., afterwards president of Vermont University. He died at Burlington, Vt., a few years since.

David Everett Wheeler, a member of the legal profession, held in high esteem not only as an able and successful lawyer, but for his many genial social qualities, has resided for many years in New York; and is still in active business, associated with his son, Everett P. Wheeler, a young man of rare ability and much promise. The eldest daughter married John Francis, Esq., of Royalton, Vt. He died some years since. She now resides at Burlington.

The second daughter was the wife of Stedman Willard, Esq., of Orford. She died May 8, 1837. The youngest, a much beloved and accomplished young lady, died February 15, 1827, at the age of 19 years.

The second Mrs. Wheeler was a model lady, with all the virtues so nicely blended, it could hardly be known which shown most conspicuous. It was often said that suffering and want never left her door unrelieved. She died at New York, May 6, 1853. A daughter, Mrs. Brodhead, the counterpart of her mother, is a resident of New York.

Soldiers from Orford who served in the late War.

Gen. Gilman Marston,—
Maj. Frederick M. Edgell,

THIRD REGIMENT.

Dan'l W. Baker, *
Peter Craigie,
Amasa Niles, *
Geo. M Phelps, — *
John C. Speed,
Wm. Wilson,
Thos. Milar, *
Abram Paradise, *
Julius H. Griggs, —
Murdock McIvor.

FIFTH REGIMENT.

Capt. Asa B. Griggs, —
Abel S. Hubbard, *
John A. Baker,
Joseph Caraway,
D. H. Collins, *
Geo. W. Fifield, —
Octave Laboor,
Geo. G. Leslie,
Geo. W. Merrill, —
Wm. H. Nichols, —
Geo. M. Poor,
Albert Sanders, — *
Luther Smith,
Frank Tallman,
Wm. S. Learned, —
Joseph Quint. * —

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

Dan'l A. Lamprey, — *
Hollis K. May.

NINTH REGIMENT.

Lieut. O. P. Newcomb, —
Cyrus M. Roberts, —
Frank Lovejoy, — *
Chas. Jeffers, —
Peter Shuman,
Chas. W. Carter,
Sam'l Blood, Jr., —
Geo. Cross, *
Edward J. Dayton, —
Henry W. Archer, * —
Alphonso Adams,
Josiah L. Archer, * —
Edwin Archer, —
Wm. M. Shawnee.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

Isbon N. Ames, —
Chas. M. Lovejoy, —
Henry S. Muchmore, —
Alonzo D. Muchmore, —
Byron G. Kenyon,
Edwin C. Niles, *
Edwin T. Parker,
Benjamin Muchmore. —

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

Dan'l W. Phelps. * —

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT.

Thos. A. Gilmore,
Ranson Griggs, —
Wm. H. Horton,
Chas. M. Avery,
Enoch P. Smith, —
Philander C. Cutting, —
Charles Baker, *
Alphonso Palmer, * —
Alonzo Stark, * —
Josiah L. Bailey, *
John L. Howard, — *
Absalom Ford, — *
Frederick Robinson,
Alden Stevens,
John Caraway. *

EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT.

Lieut. Henry P. Gage, —
Stephen C. Blood, —

Dan'l A. Blood, —
Edwin Bugbee,
John Bell,
Frank J. Bell,
John E. Chesley,
Geo. E. Learned, —
Henry B. Reed,
Dan'l Y. Simpson, —
Charles C. Tallman, —
Webster P. Blodgett, —
Henry B. Derby, * —
John C. Mitchell,
Henry A. Horton,
John F. Rush,
Geo. P. Martin,
Peter White,
A. D. Chamberlin,
H. W. Davis.

UNITED STATES SHARPSHOOTERS.

Geo. W. Lamprey.

VERMONT REGIMENTS.

Dan'l T. Davis, *
Frank M. Davis,
Wm. Stetson, —
Edward Simons, * —
Walter Horton,
John N. Stetson, —
Nathan H. Archer, —
Stillman Archer, — *
Francis E. Derby, —
Geo. K. Morris, —
Shephard Whitmore. —

N. H. BATTERY.

Geo. Lane.

VERMONT ARTILLERY.

Joseph Caraway.

FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS.

Tallis Caraway.

VERMONT CAVALRY.

John Caraway, *
A. H. Gage. —

1ST MASS. HEAVY ARTILLERY.

James M. Learned, Jr., —
Jonas G. Learned. * —

MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

Hiram Fuller, —
Thomas Ames. —

ILLINOIS REGIMENT.

Albert Albee. —

WESTERN REGIMENT.

Harry Ames, —
Wm Lane, — *
Charles Lane. —

Those marked with a —, are natives of Orford. Those marked with a *, died in the service.

Graduates of Dartmouth College, and time of Graduating.

1796, Samuel Hale,
1794, James Hobart,
John P. Kimball,
1806, Cyrus Mann,
Lewis Mann,
1785, John Sawyer,
1796, John M. Tillotson,
James P. Howard,
1807, Hon. Leonard Wilcox,
1816, John Wheeler,
1827, D. E. Wheeler,
1840, Alex. S. Wheeler,
1860, Charles Wheeler,
1828, Dan'l C. Blood,
Ralph W. Cole,
1865, H. J. Cushman,

1839, Sylvester Dana,
1828, Charles B. Dana,
Theo. S. Dana,
1857, John C. Hale,
1865, Edwin B. Hale,
1866, Schiller Hosford,
1863, Jesse Johnson,
1857, Sam'l M. Lovejoy,
1810, Joel Mann,
1829, Royal Mann,
1837, Gilman Marston,
1843, Jeremiah Marston,
1853, Wm. S. Palmer,
1862, Charles Palmer,
1857, James B. Richardson,
Biger Stone,
1847, Samuel M. Wilcox,
1860, George Wilcox,
1865, Leonard Wilcox.

Those with no dates to their names entered Dartmouth, but graduated at other Colleges.

The following were among the early settlers of Orford:

Timothy Sargent,
Rev. Samuel Todd,
Capt. Jonathan Derby,
Clement Emery,
Dr. Eli Carpenter,
Asa Tyler,
Capt. Ebenezer Baldwin,
Constant Bliss, (killed by Indians at Greensboro' Vt.)
Capt. John Clark,
Simeon Derby,
Francis Follett,
James Moulton,
Elnathan Palmer,
Samuel Thing,
Dea. Michael Taintor,
Joseph E. Ware,
Richard Haselton,
John Hale,
Samuel Phelps,
Jesse Poor.
Jonathan Storey,
Alex. Storey,
Hardy Ropes,
A. G. Britton,
John B. Wheeler.

The Selectmen of the town at the present time are—Charles H. Riley, Austin Palmer and Daniel C. Clark.

HENRY H. HOWARD,
HENRY PERRIN,
ARTHUR MARSTON,
} Committee, &c.

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